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OUR DEMOCRATIC FÜHRER

THE occasion of Mr. Churchill's Sunday broadcast was the opening of the new North African offensive which he mentioned in a justifiably hopeful phrase at the end of his hearth to hearth talk. But his main endeavour was to meet political disquiet at home. He did this with an individual skill of which the only criticism is that he began to speak as a world statesman, only to descend in the later part of his speech to the lower regions in which the head of the Tory Party manoeuvres to outwit his existing and potential opponents. There was no longer any nonsense about the Premier retiring at the end of the war; on the contrary, he outlined not only the kind of organisation he thought desirable for the world, but also the tactics by which he intended to maintain power at home.

To satisfy those who wished to know what type of peace he had in mind, he spoke in obviously sincere terms of the "stupendous business" of rebuilding Europe to which, as a good European, he looked forward. He spoke of European and Asiatic Councils, in both of which, if we have understood him aright, he expects that Britain and America and the Soviet Union will be included. Ultimately he hopes to see something like a world League to which all the nations will adhere. In the European Council he apparently means to achieve a balance of power by persuading the lesser countries to form regional federations. The implications of this outline will be the subject of much future debate. If Mr. Churchill really expected to divert attention from the post-war problems by his speech he misunderstood the public mind. His remarks both in the foreign and domestic spheres have greatly stimulated debate both in the country and in the House of Commons.

It may be useful to present his domestic proposals in summary form. Here are his positive suggestions:

1. There will be a prolonged, careful and energetic preparation (including where required "preliminary legislative preparation") of a practical Four Year Plan.
2. As soon as (*a*) Germany is defeated, and (*b*) a new Register is compiled, there will be a General Election. (It is assumed that the war with Japan will be continuing.)
3. The Government, whose composition (it is hoped) will be "national," resulting from that General Election, will be responsible for presenting to Parliament the Four Year Plan.
4. The Plan will include the following chief items:
   (*a*) National Compulsory Insurance for all classes for all purposes.
   (*b*) Maintenance of an expanded and technically improved British agriculture—selling prices if necessary being kept down by State subsidies.
   (*c*) A National Health Service with particular reference to motherhood and child welfare.
   (*d*) A broader and more liberal educational system which will afford facilities for higher education to all "who can take advantage of it."
   (*e*) Replanning and rebuilding of cities.
   (*f*) Maintenance of employment by (i) revival of exports; (ii) exploitation of technically improved home production.

His negatives, some of them perhaps more positive than his promises, were as follows:

1. We cannot count on the war against Germany being concluded before 1944/45.
2. Meanwhile, the present Government cannot pledge its post-war successor either to "particular schemes" or to any "great new expenditure" by the State.
3. The fundamental element of religion must never be "taken from our schools."
4. No post-war plan of improvement and expansion must involve risk of depreciation of the purchasing power or exchange value of sterling.
5. No post-war plan must involve continuance of the existing level of direct taxation as this would destroy "initiative and enterprise."
6. No post-war plan must impair revival at the earliest moment of a "widespread, healthy, and vigorous private enterprise."

Mr. Churchill quoted Disraeli's remark that "nations are governed by force or by tradition." Mr. Churchill is a traditionalist, and though he quoted Disraeli, his mind dwells rather in the 18th than in the 19th century. He went back to Burke when he declared that a Member of Parliament is a "representative" and not a delegate who could be bound by the decision of any organisation (or Labour Party Conference). From the same period of history comes his conception of the House of Commons as an oligarchic institution in which, as the head of the largest Party, he would be permanently in office, selecting some of his colleagues from various groups which earn the right to consideration, but which could never challenge the power of the King's Government. This is to state in new terms MacDonald's doctrine of the Council of State which we first heard of in England when the National Government was formed in 1931. Mr. Churchill hopes to maintain the tradition, which for him means the existing social and economic system. We must reform, as Burke said, in order to preserve, but the reforms must be strictly limited by the canons of sound finance, which means, in effect, by the readiness of those who possess property to make concessions to those who do not. Compulsory national insurance comes within his category of desirable social concessions. Indeed (under Mr. Lloyd George) the Prime Minister almost claimed to have discovered the whole idea. But the amount of social security, like everything else, is to depend on the amount of money which our rulers regard as available for such reforms. The discovery that social change is limited, not by the total amount of money in the country, but by the organisation of our resources and the production of labour and the distribution of the national income, has not very deeply affected Mr. Churchill's mind. Nor apparently does the Premier seem willing to allow any of us the encouragement of actual reforms during the war itself. We have his word for it that the Government promises will not prove only "pie in the sky when we die." About this Mr. Churchill is, we are sure, perfectly sincere. Our democratic Führer intends to be with us at the end of the war and to survive at least the period of the Four Year Plan. And the Four Years Plan he envisages, not as a time of fundamental change, but as a programme of carefully selected social reforms designed to revive the power and prosperity of capitalist Britain and, incidentally, to be of benefit to the poorer classes.

We print on another page an outline of the situation in respect of the Beveridge Report as it now is — or rather as it was until Mr. Churchill spoke. His tone was that of Mr. Morrison. But there remains the Tory insistence that the claims of Social Security will have to be weighed against other claims and, it seems to us, the same failure to see the Report in its correct perspective. Mr. Churchill referred, for example, to the need for balancing the annual Budget as if it can be regarded as axiomatic; whereas anyone who has grasped the nature of State action to maintain "full employment" knows that one essential feature of such a policy is that, in the bad years, the Budget should *not* balance. Taxation should be lowered, not raised, when times are bad, and public investment at such times should be financed out of loans. Moreover, it is one of the good features of the Beveridge Plan that it collects contributions in good times and pays them out in bad, thus maintaining consumption and employment at higher levels than would exist without it. The Prime Minister did say that the best way of dealing with unemployment was to have none; but his speech showed no sign of his having mastered the means of approaching this highly desirable condition of affairs. In this, as in other comments on the Beveridge Report, he made the right noises, but when the speech is analysed the result is disappointing.

A few die-hard Tories find Mr. Churchill's proposals too revolutionary for them; the Labour Party feels itself trapped. The rank and file of Labour M.P.s fear as probable a repetition of 1931 or, as an alternative, a coupon election. In either case their hopes of forming an independent and alternative government would be dished. Perhaps some of them have also heard of Conservative recruitment of a large number—we are informed that it is already over 100—of young Service officers as Conservative candidates for Mr. Churchill's projected election. Labour could still save its cause if Labour Ministers were to combine with other Labour M.P.s to demand that Beveridge and other promised reforms are carried out during the war and to see to it that they stand together as an independent party and a potential alternative government if there is an election.

The Führer's Platform

It was an oddly lifeless, mechanical Hitler who addressed the faithful in the Berlin Zeughaus on Heroes' Day. The stock arguments were made to do duty as usual; war had been forced on Germany by the unholy combination of Jewry, Bolshevism and plutocracy; but National Socialism, the one bulwark of civilisation, would triumph. In these passages of the speech there was an unusual absence of emotional rhetoric; routine phraseology and colourless tone of voice gave the impression of an automaton "saying his piece." As for the military situation—on which the audience, after the winter's grave reverses and the Führer's recent unwonted silence, might well have expected a detailed dissertation—all that Hitler had to say (more or less accurately) was that the eastern front had been "stabilised," and that in due course "final victory" (the Endsieg so often promised) would be achieved. Beyond a perfunctory reference to recent critical developments and "undeserved fate," there was no reference either to the disaster of Stalingrad or the position of the Afrika Korps now engaged in desperate battle with the British 8th Army. The German radio has been at pains to make it clear that Hitler was speaking not merely as Head of the State, but as Supreme Commander of all Germany's armed forces. It may, however, be significant that his platform was supported not merely by the three chiefs of staff—Keitel, Milch and Doenitz—but by an impressive galaxy of generals, including even General Halder, the lately dismissed Chief of the Army Staff. The inference is at least permissible that "the generals" are in process of reasserting their authority, and that "intuitional strategy" will in future be curbed by professional judgment. Whether this means that the coming summer will see the German armies resuming—generally or particularly—an offensive on the eastern front, or being compelled everywhere to fall back on defensive strategy is a question whose answer depends on several imponderables—Russian resources and intentions, and the speed with which Anglo-American forces succeed in bringing their strength to bear in Europe.

Escape from Massacre

The Archbishop's speech in the House of Lords voiced the uneasiness felt by all decent people at the apparent inaction of the Government over helping the Jews to escape from Axis countries. The massacre-policy is being extended to regions where the Jews still had a measure of precarious hope; Bulgaria has been a country from which, if money enough were forthcoming, they had a chance to get away to Turkey. But recently, the Bulgars have been ordered to send them to Germany. Still, some can escape, with the connivance of merciful or venal officials, from the German satallites and the Archbishop was right in saying that we stand at the bar of history and of God. The Jews are souls, some of whom we can buy, if we choose. The price is money, inconvenience, the relaxation of rules, determination. Dr. Temple proposed a widening of the bottlenecks in Spain, Portugal and Turkey, to allow the refugees already in these countries to get to Palestine, Britain and America, if necessary in returning troopships, and a direct offer to Germany to receive an agreed number of refugees monthly in the Empire. As regards our official procedure, he suggested blocks of visas for our consuls to use at discretion, so that the heart-rending method of splitting up families and leaving the older people abroad and under the constant menace of Fascist anti-Semitism may be alleviated, and the encouragement of the neutral states through which the Jews must escape by the offer of food, clothing and navicerts. Lord Cranborne offered no slackening of the regulations on the entry of aliens; but said that Mr. Eden and Mr. Hull have agreed to open conversations. America could perhaps more easily help than we can; she has not our food-problem and her immigration-quotas for countries like the Eastern European lands, whence most of the Jews come have not been filled for years.

First Birthday

Joint Production Committees have now had a year of officially recognised existence in many of the big war factories, and a fair amount of stock-taking is in progress. It is pretty generally agreed among those who speak publicly about them that they have done a useful job, though a lot of muttering still goes on among the more old-fashioned foremen, managers, and employers. Even now there are a large number of biggish factories in which no J.P.C.s have been set up, and there are very wide regional variations in this respect. Scotland, for example, lags a long way behind most of England in establishing committees, and, rather surprisingly, the London Region is ahead of the Northern factory areas. In most cases it has taken some months for the committees to settle down, except where they could be based on some previous works council or similar body. Many employers tried at first to use them as disciplinary bodies for dealing with individual cases of absenteeism, though they were never intended to serve this purpose; and there were also initial difficulties over demarcation of spheres of action with shop stewards' committees and trade union bodies. But in most cases these difficulties were got round, and most of those who have had experience of the system appear to expect it to survive the war.

"American Beveridge"

The "American Beveridge," the name inevitably planted on the recently released Report of the American National Resources Planning Bureau, covers an enormously wider ground than the document after which it is nicknamed. Whereas Sir William Beveridge merely assumed "full employment," the N.R.P.B. goes into the subject in detail, and makes proposals which involve a considerable development of State investment as a means of maintaining employment. Moreover, the N.R.P.B. discusses education as well as the social security services in a narrower sense, and puts forward proposals for a vast youth service organisation designed both to dovetail "work-experience" in with schooling and to provide a comprehensive training system for those who are neither at school nor actually in employment. It is also notable that, whereas Sir William, in dealing with unemployment, puts the emphasis on cash benefits, the American Report puts it unequivocably on the provision of work, and contemplates the permanent existence of a nation-wide work-finding organisation based on the W.P.A. (Works Progress Administration) model as part of the New Deal. In dealing with the cash benefit services, the N.R.P.B. diverges a good deal from the line taken by Sir William Beveridge. The federal character of the U.S.A. and the wide differences in standards of living in different areas make it impossible to propose any unified system of benefits, and it is also impracticable to handle the different kinds of need in a uniform way. Consequently, the N.R.P.B. proposes not a single scheme, but many, covering most of the same ground that Sir William Beveridge covers, but by different methods. The "American Beveridge" has been received with howls of execration by most of the newspapers, which denounce it as "Socialism" or worse. This was to be expected, for the Americans are not used, as we are, to the notion of social insurance, which is, indeed, closely associated in the minds of Conservatives and business men with the detested New Deal.

Many Straws in the Wind

The century of amendments which Sir Douglas Hacking and his friends have put down to Mr. Bevin's Catering Bill are a sign of the implacable opposition which the Tory back-benchers still propose to offer to this very necessary and moderate measure. A further sign of the same state of mind is given by the successful obstruction of what has hitherto been called the 1922 Committee to Sir Stafford Cripps's attempts to secure additional powers to intervene in the management of aircraft concerns which are not yielding a satisfactory output. The change of name of the 1922 Committee itself and the decision to open it to all Conservative Members also show which way the wind is blowing, for they mean that the Committee—now renamed the Conservative and Unionist Members' Committee—is making a bid for increased power, probably with a view to establishing a disciplinary control over Conservative M.P.s who display any tendency to favour progressive causes. How this move will be affected by the action of the pro-Beveridge Tories in forming themselves into a Conservative Social Reform Committee has still to be seen, but there can be no doubt that the "1922-ers," and not the social reformers, have the ear of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and of the Conservative Party machine. In some quarters the latest move of the 1922 Committee is being represented as a retaliation to the Labour Party's action after the Beveridge debate, and as an attempt to create a counter-organisation parallel to the Parliamentary Labour Party. All this looks increasingly like a cracking of the truce inside Parliament, even before it is cracked outside, and it all works in with Sir Richard Acland's excellent proposal for a special new register in any constituency in which a by-election is held.

"Unsuitable to Command Men"

Lt.-Col. Gates, the commander of the Training Battalion at Matlock, was, it appears, suspended from his post last October as "unsuitable to command men." His brigadier warned him, and the War Office later acted upon the general's report. The circular which led to his suspension said, "These are only a few of many ways of making a man's life a misery," and recommended methods such as pack drill, which is formally

forbidden by army regulations. His methods of discipline included refinements like refusing the last fifteen men of a training company the leave due to them, in order to "larn 'em," and also, it seems, grotesque antics like the "Hi-de-hi" saluting order. Colonel Gates, if we read aright the evidence produced in the House of Commons, is an outstanding example of the prolonged adolescence which makes some men continue to enjoy bullying and fourth-form jokes; and such are certainly "unsuitable to command men." Mr. McGhee raised the matter in the House, however, not so much because of the odd behaviour of the Colonel, as because of his subsequent appointment to the staff with the same rank. Mr. Arthur Henderson should have had more independence of mind than to make a half-hearted defence of this extraordinary transfer.

The Premier and the Commons (*by a Parliamentary Correspondent*)

The Prime Minister's Sunday night broadcast has caused much fluttering in the political dovecotes. It is generally agreed that it was a remarkably astute bid for the retention of power in the vital years of reconstruction which will follow the collapse of Hitler. The "stupids" on the extreme Right dislike many of its contents, especially in the international field; the clever elements in the Tory Party, however, regard the speech as an electoral winner should party politics be resumed. For it would provide the Conservatives with the facade of progressive measures and "National Unity" which they believe to be necessary if they are to continue in office and power.

Labour circles realise that such a statement by Churchill on post-war questions would not have been made but for the Beveridge row; they see in the second part of his speech an attempt to queer the pitch of those who will press at the Labour Party Conference for an ending of the electoral truce which would possibly lead to a withdrawal of Labour from the Government. Particular exception is taken to the Premier's threat to form a post-war Government from "the best men in all parties who are willing to serve," if he cannot get support from the recognised parties. This is felt to be a follow-up of Kingsley Wood's attempt to drive a wedge between Labour Ministers and their rank and file. It appears that the speech was not shown to Labour Ministers in its final form although one or two saw Churchill's notes; it was only Attlee's objection that led the Premier to omit a specific reference to a "coupon election" which would have aroused widespread even fiercer alarm in the party's ranks than the threat which the speech actually contained. The full implications of Churchill's speech are now being examined to see what action is called for.

Two debates have been noteworthy during the week. Sir Walter Womersley, Minister of Pensions, failed to satisfy critics of Government policy on War Pensions despite his promise to reconsider the question of independent Appeal Tribunals. A trickle of men has started to come back from the war who were A1 when they went into the Forces but have been discharged without pension. On all sides of the House there is a feeling that pensions should be at least as large as they were in 1919 (they are actually 2s. 6d. smaller on the standard rate), that onus should be placed on the Ministry to prove that deterioration in health in such circumstances is *not* due to war service rather than the other way round. M.P.s feel that rates and machinery for war pensions should be revised now before some second Front brings cases flooding in.

The House did not give Aneurin Bevan strong support in his renewed attack on Randolph Churchill's indiscreet newspaper article. Bevan who has the merit of being able to stand up to the Premier with complete confidence, on this occasion overplayed his hand. The Premier's reply unfortunately suggested that the right of soldiers to write to the Press on non-military subjects may now be brought into line with the stricter rules governing the navy.

THE FOREIGN OFFICE

Last week's House of Commons debate on the proposals for the reform of the Foreign Service gave no opportunity of discussing the present state of the Foreign Office. But it did give an opportunity for the expression of some truths which the Commons as well as the general public have tended either to forget or to ignore. Mr. Richard Law, in his desire to prove the efficiency of the Foreign Office, emphasised that foreign policy is not *its* responsibility, but "the responsibility of the Cabinet, and the Cabinet is responsible to this House, and what is more the Cabinet is responsive to this House." In fact, the Foreign Service man is not a principal, he is only the agency of His Majesty's Government." A number of other speakers were equally definite that the House of Commons had to take a large measure of responsibility for the failure of our foreign policy between the two wars; but it was remarkable how little reference was made to the Foreign Office as at present constituted, despite the fact that the future institution is expected to be evolved from that of to-day, and will largely represent the outlook of its present officials. If we saw any signs of real reform within the present institution we should be more enthusiastic about the future envisaged in this White Paper.

In view of the abnormal conditions of war, let us say nothing about our diplomatic service abroad, except to express wholehearted agreement with the well-merited praise given to Mr. Clark-Kerr, our Ambassador in Moscow, and look only within the Foreign Office itself. Mr. Law emphasised that the House of Commons should remember that *it* is the final arbiter in matters of policy—but to what extent does the Foreign Office respond to the obvious wishes of Parliament, or to the will of the people in many issues? Presumably, this country has said its last word on Municheers, but one official who played a very significant rôle in that sad episode is still occupying a position where very important decisions as regards personnel are taken.

Even if, however, tradition would not permit the Foreign Office to make such changes, surely it is not too much to ask that it should show some greater care in the choice of collaborators, who are presumably to be officially associated with it in preparing for the peace treaties. We need only mention the change which has been arranged for April 1 next, when the Foreign Research and Press Service branch of Chatham House is being transferred to the direct control of the Foreign Office. At the same time the official Political Intelligence Department of the Foreign Office has been superseded by this Research Department. We do not propose to discuss the details of this transfer or to describe how Treasury demands for economy played their rôle. What surprises is not a display of something less than the customary standard of gentlemanly conduct, but that persons who have worked for years in the Foreign Office merely shrugged their shoulders and remarked cynically, "Well, did you expect anything else?" Good reasons might be produced for a fair amalgamation of P.I.D. and F.R.P.S., but hardly for either the way in which it was done, or for some of the new appointments.

The new department, we are informed, is to be led by Professor Arnold J. Toynbee. As an historian of encyclopædic knowledge Mr. Toynbee is justly famous. As the author of scholarly surveys of international affairs he has shown a striking capacity for surveying events. But his record in the field of policy has been unhappy; no one who followed his writings during the Munich period will consider his political judgment good or regard the tendencies of his mind without apprehension.

This new department will undoubtedly be expected to help the Foreign Office, in the words of Mr. Law, "to advise H.M.G. and to give the Cabinet a background of information about foreign countries." Presumably, since the whole background of last week's debate was the need for personal and intimate knowledge of the countries, languages and peoples concerned, and for persons of what are broadly described as progressive views, the Foreign Office is already working along these lines. But if we look at the new department, of which Dr. Toynbee is the head, from this standpoint the result increases apprehension. What, for example, is the outlook of those who are to "advise" on Jugoslavia and Hungary? Their views have caused great concern to many of our Allies, and to Britishers who can claim to know central and south-eastern Europe intimately. It is not in these cases the personal competence of those in charge that is questioned, but the damage that is done by having in responsible positions men whose record is of support for elements in Balkan politics which are suspect from the point of view of the United Nations.

This matter is important because this new department is going to supply the Foreign Office (and, therefore, the Cabinet) with background information upon which policy is based. It is not competent for the task. Unlike other Departments, which, with varying degrees of reluctance, have adapted themselves to a changing world, the Foreign Office has not permitted the impact of war to disturb its arrogant traditionalism. Foreign Office men, it is assumed, can conduct diplomacy and formulate foreign policy without such new-fangled accessories as intelligence files or even a planning board. Once the youth from King's or Balliol has entered "the Office," he becomes an expert on world affairs, competent to give judgment on any knotty problem simply through his Foreign Office *flair*. What in other places would be termed complacent ignorance is here dubbed the "open mind."

Mr. Eden's reforms do not even pretend to tackle this cardinal defect. It is no doubt desirable to seek to improve the selection and training of our diplomatic representatives abroad. But with modern communications the independence of the diplomat declines, and with it his importance. Some of our diplomats were second-rate before the war, but their failure was not the main trouble. The main trouble was the Foreign Office itself, which was and is so organised that it cannot plan or formulate a policy, even if it wanted to. It consists of a few dozen officials, each dealing with the affairs of two or three countries and busy with the daily round of diplomatic and office duties. Search it from floor to roof and you will not discover anywhere an Intelligence Department, a planning directorate, or even a central policy executive. Critics who talk darkly of a dangerous Foreign Office policy often commit an injustice; on some issues it is not capable of sustaining a coherent policy.

Neither Mr. Eden's reforms nor the incorporation of Professor Toynbee's clique can touch this defect. Indeed, they make the situation worse by spreading the impression of sweeping reforms when in fact nothing is changed.

Imagine for a moment that our strategy was in the hands of a few dozen officers, who by some peculiar system had been selected at the age of twenty-one to be alternately members of our General Staff and Staff officers in the field. Imagine that this General Staff were provided with no Intelligence Departments or Planning Staff and were compelled to spend three-quarters of their time on routine War Office duties. Imagine that the strategy resulting from their arrogant lucubrations had lost us two wars. Imagine that at last reforms were set in motion and that it was decided that what was wrong was the *selection* of the commanders in the field. Imagine, lastly, that to strengthen the advanced planning of our General Staff, a dozen military historians—some of dubious credentials—were assembled. Fantastic! But substitute "peace" for "war" and "foreign policy" for strategy—and the picture is not far wrong.

When Mr. Law emphasised the responsibility of the Cabinet and the Commons for our foreign policy, did he ask whether that responsibility

could ever be properly fulfilled if the Foreign Office, to quote Mr. Pethick-Lawrence, is "protected from the healthy wind of criticism from this House of Commons, which has not been allowed to blow through it"? There are many things which cannot be discussed openly during the war (though probably far fewer than many people imagine). But we could well take a lesson from the United States, and ourselves have our special Foreign Policy Committee. There are a number of problems which are now not ventilated properly, but which could be through such an institution, especially if it were empowered to call evidence.

RESPONSIBILITIES IN INDIA

THE Government of India has done a questionable thing in publishing a White Paper of 76 pages, which is from first to last a personal indictment of Gandhi. It is a propaganda document primarily designed, we presume, to damage him in American eyes. For our own part, while we retain a deep respect for his personality, we think that his leadership in recent years has been almost uniformly unfortunate and even disastrous. But when we are confronted with this indictment from New Delhi, two or three reflections take precedence in our mind over all its charges. This attack is made on a man who is, after all, one of the world's greatest personalities, but who is not now in a position to reply or defend himself. Again, if the graver charges are well founded, ought not the Indian Government to have tried Mr. Gandhi before a court of law, instead of holding him, silent and isolated, in internment by an administrative act?

But our chief reflection on reading this White Paper was that, if Mr. Gandhi, with a policy ruinously blended of pacifism and political tactics, became, after the failure of the Cripps mission, the dominant force in the Congress Party, the responsibility for this misfortune lies primarily with Lord Linlithgow, Mr. Amery and Mr. Churchill. It is a mistake to suppose that Mr. Gandhi can always dominate Congress. Again and again, for years together, in his long career, he has dropped out of favour, gone into retirement and given way for a time to other leaders. During the war, he and his disciple Nehru fought a duel over policy, none the less real because Nehru feels for his master a deep veneration, even when they differ completely. From the outbreak of the war down to the unlucky spring of 1942, they alternated as the inspirers of Congress policy. Always Nehru was for collaboration with the United Nations and for wholehearted participation in a war for freedom—if only he could wring from us terms compatible with Indian self-respect. Always Gandhi took the negative line, partly on pacifist grounds; partly because he stands in this thinking poles apart from modern democracy, whether of a liberal or socialist type; partly because he was defeatist and thought the Axis would win. During three years of war, the two alternated like the little old man and the little old woman in the primitive toy-barometer that used to amuse us in old-fashioned farmhouses. Whenever by the smallest sign of comprehension we seemed to smile on India, out came the friendly fair-weather face of Nehru. When we frowned and India despaired, Nehru swung back on his perch, and out came the hostile figure of Gandhi, set for storm. If the more modern and reasonable minds of Congress, Nehru, Rajagopolachari, and Dr. Azad were finally defeated last spring and Mr. Gandhi won the power to wreck, the cause of this disaster lay in the defects of the Cripps offer. It was rigid and could not be amended, nor did it in the judgment of any Indian party amount to a real transfer of power. That left the field open for Gandhi's negations.

Whether Gandhi has taken liberties with his own doctrine of non-violence—as the White Paper argues at wearisome length—is a question chiefly of biographical interest. Lack of space forbids us to pursue it. In some places passages from his writings are unfairly quoted. The graver charges, made by innuendo, that Gandhi really contemplated sabotage and arson, or that he intended to aid a Japanese victory seem to us not merely to lack proof, but to be impossible. What Gandhi meant to do was what George Fox might have done—to go to Tokio and preach pacifism to the Japanese. That may be a noble folly, but it is not treason to India—or to Britain. For the rest, our own deduction from the selected facts in this publication is that after the senior leaders of Congress were interned, the effective leadership passed to the younger generation of students and revolutionary Socialists, who view Gandhi's ideas with impatience. The next phase in India will not be any sort of "non-violence," however imperfect. It may too easily be terrorism and a guerilla revolt under much more reckless leaders. The White Paper is the speech of a prosecuting counsel; the defence would ask whether Mr. Churchill in discouraging the co-operative and more modern-minded Indian leaders ought not, when history places him in the dock with the Mahatma, to receive a more severe sentence than Gandhi.

OUR GREEK ALLIES

[This week the Greeks celebrate Independence Day—the most tragic of their history. This is the fourth of our series of articles on the resistance movements in Europe.]

ONE hundred and twenty-two thousand Greeks lost their lives during the six months of war from October, 1940, to April, 1941. During the peace which has followed Axis conquest, hunger has killed four hundred and twenty-two thousand men, women and children. To these figures must be added the unknown number of Greek sailors killed in the battles of the Atlantic and Mediterranean. Nazi propaganda cleverly exploits this last number by tolling a bell for each ship which has been sunk.

In the face of German, Bulgarian and Italian persecution—Greece is partitioned into three spheres of influence—none would criticise if Greek spirit had become weak, and the Axis had discovered new friends. But this has not happened. Greek resistance adds another chapter of bravery to the history of a brave race. Hitler has his friends, of course, for there are quislings in every country. In Greece the very small number of quislings are found mainly among industrialists, who see better chances of profits by collaborating with the Germans, among the Court clique, and among certain intellectual groups who were trained in Germany and who are attracted by German culture, although in its Nazi form it is obviously the worst menace that has ever threatened Greco-Roman civilisation.

The Nazis made an old friend of theirs, General Tsolakoglu, their quisling Greek Premier. In his first interview—to the *Borsen Zeitung* (May 8th, 1941)—he showed that his loyalty had been to the Fascists and not to the Allies, in whose ranks he was supposed to have fought. "From the very outset," he said, "I and my colleagues of the Epirus Army opposed the policy of the refugee Government. . . . We were firmly convinced of the Reich's decisive victory, and we believe also that Germany's noble-mindedness respects brave men and has always reverenced Greek culture." It is doubtful whether he still held these views a year and a half later when he handed in his resignation. The Nazis did everything they could to humiliate him. It is said that on one occasion he received a German official in his office, on the wall of which he had a picture of the Virgin Mary leading the Greek Army to victory. He was told he ought to put Hitler in the Virgin's place, which he did.

Whatever illusions Greek quislings entertained as to the virtues of the "New Order" for their country, the mass of Greek people, undernourished and hungry as they have been for th past two years, retain their allegiance to th Allied cause, and long for the Allied landin which, they continue to believe, will mean the liberation. Last summer the High Command the Fascist armies in Greece issued a warning all section commanders, in which these wor occurred:—

> Be convinced that you have enemies everywhe both within and without. Unknown to you, the exists near to you and the places which you guar a dark organisation ready to seize a moment distraction to take you unawares and to surpri you. These organisations are well armed an trained in guerilla warfare, and composed of me who will stop at nothing.

Since this warning was issued, guerilla warfa has increased, and is now widespread throughou the country and in Crete. It is now well organise and it is directed by a staff under a distinguishe general. Communiqués are issued and speci messengers circulate them among the peopl They tell of trains derailed, of punitive exped tions, of telephone wires cut, of bridges blown u of communications interrupted. One suc communiqué a few weeks ago reported th blowing up of a railway bridge between Saloni and Ghevgheli; this was an important link the railways uniting Greece and Yugoslavia, an resulted in the hold-up of Nazi troop and supp movements. Another communiqué described three-day battle with Italian soldiers. The incidents reflect a planned campaign which h gained a good deal of momentum since the Allie landings in North Africa, with their promise other fronts against the Axis.

In the towns, notably in Athens, resistance h taken the form of a large-scale strike on at le three occasions. Last August the tramw workers declared a 24-hour strike. Civil servant electricity workers, newsagents and enginee followed. They demonstrated in Omono Square, where 200 policemen tried to dispe them. When the German military command w called in the strikers were told they must retu in three hours or be arrested and hostages take Many were imprisoned, and 1,550 Governme employees dismissed. In September workers a officials went on strike for six days, demandi an increase in the bread ration. The strike organised a demonstration which was broken u by Italian machine-guns. The third occasion w a strike in Athens at the beginning of this mont when students and workers demonstrated again the general mobilisation order of all civilia between 16 and 45.

The spirit of resistance has often been man fested by the Greek students, who are the chi victims of the Bulgarian effort to denationali the areas of Western Thrace and Eastern Mac donia, of the Italian effort to force their langua into schools in the area they occupy, and of t nazification of areas occupied by the Germa After many demonstrations by students t universities in Athens and Salonica have oft been closed down for long periods. Elementa education is practically at a standstill, and rece reports tell of thousands of teachers transfe to forced labour camps or to Italy and Germa to work in factories.

No survey of Greek resistance is comple without some reference to the underground pre Since last August many of these papers ha reached England; they represent every secti of the resistance movement, and are frequen quoted in the Greek national paper *Hel* published weekly in this country. The lat underground papers give many instances of t low morale of German and Italian troops Greece, and conversations with some of th officers show that they are no longer certain o Nazi victory, whilst they intensify their prepa tions for an Allied attack. The Athens ra frequently warns its listeners against "demonst tions or collaboration" in case of an All landing. A proclamation which has to be read churches every Sunday informs people that t death penalty awaits anyone helping All parachutists.

Meanwhile, slogans have appeared on walls a

uildings in Athens and other towns: "Heil .A.F.", "Heil Roosevelt," "Long Live Russia." ut it would be a mistake to pretend that the reek resistance movement was wholly united nd satisfied about the prospects after the Allied nding which is universally desired by all Greek atriots. Many patriots have made it clear that ey do not wish to sacrifice their lives in order to ring back the old régime; they are openly stile to the Royal Family, which is identified ith the terrorism of the Metaxas dictatorship. ritish policy has often justified these fears; its rish support of the King of the Hellenes, its roadcasting programmes which reflect a complete ilure to understand the essentially Republican ature of much Greek resistance, and the feeling frustration among Greek democrats who are ghting not for dictatorship or royalty but for berty.

Correspondents' reports show that things have ome to a head in the Middle East. We should be ehaving like ostriches if we ignored the resigna-on last week of Mr. Canellopoulos, the deputy rime Minister and Minister of Defence, and the rder of the Day issued by the Prime Minister, r. Tsouderos. This Order to the Greek Forces as evidently made necessary by political divisions. significantly demands an oath of loyalty to the ing and reminds officers, N.C.O.'s and men that alour is "not sufficient"; "obedience to the otherland and the King" is also required. But r. Tsouderos must be well aware that Greeks ho are not enthusiastic for the King of Greece e not showing any lack of loyalty to the otherland. What they dislike is dictatorship, nd the changes now announced in the Greek abinet seem designed to reassure them that the ture Greece will be constitutionally ruled.

Thus the Greek Nationalist movement, like ose in other occupied countries, is not without isions within itself, but, again like the others, is nevertheless powerful and unshakeable. It aits a battlefront in which it can fight and play part in the defeat of the Axis. It demands e defeat of the Greek quislings. It is disturbed doubts about reactionary forces in its own overnment, and it is beginning to make its otest effective.

A LONDON DIARY

HE sudden death of Laurence Binyon removed wise, poor, happy and incorruptible lover of uth and beauty, who wrote one of the best oems of the last war, and the "Leaves," one of e best poems in this. Like all lovers of China had learnt how to be both warm and detached, fact, a sage, and apart from his poems it is both the popularisers of Chinese painting (his *Flight the Dragon* is still the best cheap book on the bject) and as the authority on Blake and Samuel lmer that he will be remembered.

* * *

"Nothing is certain," Binyon wrote last utumn, "only the certain spring." Every year have felt the urge to acknowledge its arrival by e same piece of ritual: a sight-seeing walk. This the vestigial remains of the long-forgotten *re du printemps*, the Easter holiday. Thus Sunday I inspected the sights of Oxford, city hyacinths, warm in the March sunshine: ten's Sheldonian, the square round the Rad-iffe camera, the Shelley memorial, the court-rd of St. Edmund's Hall (like a Cotswold village reet), and the glorious peeling façade of Christ-urch Library. After four years of war they main to teach that the monuments of the mind dure, that war is a barbarous madness, but that war must be, then these churches, theatres and cular libraries represent the ideas most worth hting for.

* * *

But all is not well in Oxford: although there e now few undergraduates and fewer dons, I uld not be doing my duty by the readers of is paper if I did not warn them against a new d particularly odious heresy which has taken root there, and is called "Intellectualism." "Intellectualism," the most poisonous of the "isms," means the cult of "brains" and, in particular, of the examination system by which scholars and students are admitted by these obsolete academic tests which involve years of preparation. Some public schools resent these requirements and wish to modify the system, to facilitate the entry of boys with Character, and to make the recommendation of the schoolmaster count rather than the mere aptitude for writing essays. When we consider the appalling mess this country has got into through being run entirely by intellectuals it is clear that a removal of intellectual qualifications from the entrance examination does not go far enough. We want some hi-de-high-brows there. I suggest the appointment of a Regius Professor of Unarmed Combat, and the awarding of scholarships at all colleges for Aggressiveness, Extraversion, and Initiative. Candidates would find their own way to the secret examination by hitch-hiking, etc., and while they were doing their all-in "anything goes" psychological tests footballs could be thrown at them, as at O.C.T.U.s, and live ammunition fired. Perhaps Colonel Gates "has a pull with" the hebdomadal council and could be induced to take charge.

* * *

An authority on North Africa tells me that the purge which has started there will continue. Starting from Bergeret and Rigaud, he expects it to go downwards and eventually comb out all the petty tyrants, the Fascist officials and police-chiefs who are still in power. Anyone who read in the days before the war the special issue of the magazine *Crapouillot* on the Secret Police will know that this institution, so efficient in its means, so corrupt in its ends, is one of the most instinctively totalitarian forces, a breeding pond of fascism. If the Four Freedoms are to gain headway on French soil such ponds must be disinfected. The line now being adopted by General Giraud is due largely to the influence of our minister, Harold Macmillan, assisted by a flying visit from Mr. Macloy, of the American War Department, and it would seem as if the Anglo-American diplomacy was getting together there as closely as Anglo-American staff-work.

* * *

What is most needed is a far greater intercourse between England and America than exists at present. Since they have become allies the two countries can only communicate through the joint bottle-neck of their government departments. Once again let me appeal for an American Institute to be housed in one of our Park Pavilions; it should be open all day and in the evening to the public, and should contain a reading room where all American newspapers could be seen, a cinema where every American documentary would be visible, a theatre with an all-American repertory company, which should also tour the country, and an American restaurant and dance orchestra. Maps and photographs should decorate the walls, and we should have a counterpart in New York. Anti-American measles should be recognised as an inevitable war disease, for which no one is to blame, and the American institute as a clinic where we could all be inoculated against it.

* * *

Another phenomenon is the collapse of civilian communications. Letters have recently taken as long as six weeks by air-mail. The American Government has placed a ban on greetings-telegrams. There is an appalling ignorance of the press in each other's countries. How satisfactory it would be if the B.B.C. carried on a constant discussion service; if anyone with a friend in America who had the same kind of job or the same kind of worry could make an appointment for ten minutes' talk with him; if more interviews could be given over the air, and when anyone on either side received a score of requests from listeners for a conversation they would be given facilities to answer.

Here are some impressions of New York from a young Anglo-American who got back last week. He heard of anti-British feeling, but never came across it; his impression was that England had never been so popular. Anti-Russian feeling, however, was very strong, though somewhat palliated by Litvinov's retort. Asked whether he thought Europe would go Communist after the war, he replied, "Not if you get to Berlin before us." The Americans now take the war very seriously, almost sentimentally, yet they are not, as we are, conditioned to it. In fact, it is only when we visit another country that we realise how conditioned we are by propaganda, how natural it seems to us for our Prime Minister, with a cigar in his mouth, to utter dark threats against pleasure-lovers and pub-crawlers. The Americans think it "out" to take a taxi to a theatre. They take it to the nearest corner. When a friend of his, in a hotel, rang the bell and told the page to go out and buy him a clean white shirt, size so-and-so, he felt the page-boy's acceptance of this order was the humouring of a madman. The press, he tells me, is outstandingly anti-Vichy. They are as little responsible for the attitude of Admiral Leahy as this journal is for Sir Samuel Hoare. When the Casserine Pass fell they carried headlines, "Yankees Licked," "Raw Americans Retreat, Hardened British Advance," and so on. At the same time their ignorance of Britain is abysmal, and when a film star announced that our Government had rebuilt all the bombed buildings of London the fact was accepted without question. A favourite question which he was unable to answer was, "Who are the New People?" Politically, he found that Roosevelt still held the country. He did not think that he would be re-elected, however, unless the election is held before the war was over. The new Republican air-minded imperialist group he regarded as very dangerous, and they find their imperialism is not inconsistent with being pro-Indian and pro-Chinese. Mrs. Luce, "the blond cosmopolite Congress-woman," is gaining ground. He found the chief differences between us and the Americans to lie in their worship of success and their domination by prejudice. Prejudice makes them talk of "cleaning up Europe this time; our ancestors came here to get away from kings and all that stuff, and, after the last war we didn't stay and clean it up." When told of the colour-problem over here, and how the British did not share the colour attitude of the Southern officers, his friend replied, "Well, those boys are from the South, you see." He found no more artistic renaissance than exists here, but would have liked to stay months longer, and was sorry to return.

* * *

Now that the manœuvres are over I can reveal their secret. (1) An invasion of the Continent was put off at the last moment; the manœuvres were to keep our troops from being browned-off. (2) The manœuvres were a blind and ended in an invasion of Europe which is still in progress. (3) The manœuvres were to beat off a German counter-invasion which had actually started.

CYRIL CONNOLLY

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to L. Forster.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Wanted, Oil Painting, suit oak lincrusta rm., size 38 by 40 inches or near oblong.—Advert. in Wolverhampton *Express and Star*.

May I, through your valuable paper, inquire if it is permitted for people to hang out their washing in their garden in a residential neighbourhood for most of the day until late afternoon? I understand the Council houses are obliged to take theirs in by noon.—Letter in *Bexhill-on-Sea Observer*.

Wanted to dispose of: 2 Steady Sailors, or exchange for foreign stamps. Exhausted landlady.—*The Pontefract and District Business Guide.*

World-wide Evangelisation Crusade. The speakers are Harold Coleman, from the Devil's Den, in the Congo; Steve Hughes, who is going to Kashmir; and Mr. Guest, recently out of business and now crusading for God.—Advert. in *Sheffield Telegraph.*

DEAR LADIES

"The value of women in the (Foreign) Service does not depend upon the value set upon them in this country, but on the reception they would receive in foreign countries . . . there are 28 countries where it would be impossible to send women."—Mr. L[illegible], Under-Secretary, Foreign Office, March 18th.

You are knocking at the Foreign Office door,
Dear ladies,
You remind us of your service in the war,
Dear ladies;
You are cherishing some notion
Of reward for your devotion,
But promotion is no nearer than before.

In eight-and-twenty sadly backward lands,
Dear ladies,
Where woman follows and where man commands,
Dear ladies,
It would lead to complications,
And give rise to protestations
If the nation's interests rested in your hands.

We pray you will not raise a teacup storm,
Dear ladies,
If to foreign prejudice we must conform,
Dear ladies;
Though countries more enlightened
By your presence would be brightened,
We are frightened others might be quite lukewarm.

The fair ambassadress might well be tried,
Dear ladies,
If she had a British husband by her side,
Dear ladies,
But we deprecate romances,
For, if natives make advances,
There are chances she'd become an alien's bride.

You can help your husbands on in their career,
Dear ladies,
But alas, in our high diplomatic sphere,
Dear ladies,
Use of female intuition
Leads to failure of a mission,
Your ambition cannot be encouraged here.

We fear we cannot fruitfully discuss,
Dear ladies,
A proposition so ridiculous,
Dear ladies,
Though we trust we show quite clearly
We admire your gifts sincerely,
You must really leave diplomacy to us.

SAGITTARIUS

RIOT IN THE BAHAMAS

It is extraordinary how little of what is happening in the Empire ever filters through to the British Press. How many people in England have heard of the riot which broke out last June in Nassau, the capital of the Bahamas? Not much blood was shed—half-a-dozen killed, a few dozen injured—but for a time mob violence had its way. The main streets of the town were a shambles; the police stations were besieged; the Riot Act was read, and the troops called out. The immediate cause of the trouble was the rate of wages on an American military project in construction on the island. The Americans have the reputation of paying princely wages, and when not more than the prevailing low rates were paid on this new enterprise, the rumour quickly went round that American "munificence" had been thwarted by the local Colonial Government. Indeed, there was some justification for this rumour. There has been trouble on this very ground throughout the West Indies ever since 1940 when the British leased sites there to the Americans for military bases, and it was decided to pay no more than local wage-rates on the American works. (This was, apparently, a confidential agreement between the British and American governments.) Prevailing wages being what they are, West Indian workers have been severely disappointed.

In the Bahamas the riots were quickly cleared up. The Duke of Windsor, who seems to be a most popular and conscientious Governor, was away in the United States at the time. But he rushed back to Nassau and poured oil on the troubled waters by one or two effective broadcasts, one or two concessions to the workers, and an immediate request to the British Government to send out a Commission of Inquiry. This has been done, and the Commission's Report has just arrived in this country. One copy has been placed in the library of the House of Commons, but the Report is not on sale and it is not going to be easy for anyone, other than an M.P., to know anything about it.

As far as violence goes in the world to-day, these riots were nothing spectacular, and the whole thing might have been dismissed as a storm in a teacup, were it not for the extraordinary state of affairs in the Bahamas which the Report of the Commission of Inquiry has revealed. It is fantastic that such mismanagement, neglect and myopia can be allowed to go on year after year, unknown and unchecked, in a British dependency. The Bahamas have a population of 60,000. Twenty thousand souls are concentrated in the capital island, New Providence, where Nassau is situated. The remaining forty thousand are scattered over dozens of small Out Islands. Easy money and a shallow prosperity came to the Bahamas with the development of the American and British tourist traffic to this beautiful winter paradise. Luxurious hotels were built in Nassau, on which money was lavishly spent. All sorts of luxury trades grew up to pander to the visitors. Nassau was given every amenity and attraction in order to tickle the palates of still better and still richer tourists. Was it any wonder that the population from the Out Islands drifted to Nassau and turned their backs on their drab peasant existence? Nothing was done for the Out Islands. In the evidence before the Commission of Inquiry, the Treasurer of the Colony stated that capital expenditure during the last 17 years on hotels, public utilities, etc., in New Providence was £1,550,000, and a further £500,000 had been spent on the development of the tourist trade. In the same period the total capital expenditure for the whole of the Out Islands was £280,000. And to-day, of course, the tourist industry has collapsed.

In the Out Islands there are practically none of the amenities of life. There is no electricity, bad water supplies, inadequate roads, practically no form of amusement. Next to nothing has been done to develop marketing between the Out Islands and New Providence. There is a saying in the Bahamas that "in these islands something always turns up." This was quoted by a number of witnesses before the Commission and seems to summarise the attitude of the administration. It did not deem it necessary to make plans to help the population—"something" will be sure to "turn up." It was no wonder at all that a serious drift to New Providence took place, and once people got to New Providence, however poor they were, however little the likelihood of securing employment, they never seemed to want to go back. In Nassau thousands of unemployed perpetually walked the streets, and it was no wonder if now and again one heard grumblings and mutterings.

The fantastic aspect of the situation in the Bahamas is the absence of all progressive legislation. There is no income tax. There are no death duties. Apart from a property tax there is no direct taxation at all. Practically the whole of the revenue is derived from customs duties, leading to an outrageously high cost of living. The cost of living would anyhow be high because most of the essentials of life are imported from America—the country with the highest paid labour in the world. The idea of producing some of these necessities locally seems not to have been taken very seriously. There is no modern labour legislation in the Bahamas. The most recent labour law was enacted in 1859. There are no trade unions or trade union laws. There is no workmen's compensation. There is one doctor to 12,000 of the population, so witnesses said before the Commission of Inquiry. *Because of the absence of labour legislation, the Bahamas cannot benefit from the funds voted by the British Parliament for Colonial development and welfare*, at least in so far as development works involve the employment of labour. This is laid down—and quite rightly—by British law. So their development can only come through raising loans. They have hardly even bothered to do that as the whole public debt of the Colony is about a quarter of a million pounds. This does not mean that the Colony is prosperous, but that very little has been spent on public development schemes.

The reason for this state of legislation in the Bahamas is that the islands are governed under an absurd and obsolete constitution of venerable origin. In this minute community there is all the paraphernalia of a British Governor representing the Crown; an elected House of Assembly corresponding to the House of Commons and—to make for perfection—a nominated Legislative Council corresponding to the House of Lords. The House of Assembly is elected on a very narrow franchise and with a property qualification of £200 required for eligibility to membership. The British Governor and his officials have no power to force legislation on these "representative" Assemblies, which are in the hands of a tight clique. The Report points out, drily, that the elected representatives are known collectively as "Bay Street", where all 29 members of the House of Assembly, except two, have their place of business. (Bay Street was wrecked in the riot.) The Duke of Windsor has pressed for progressive legislation, particularly for a reasonable minimum wage, but his proposals were thrown out by the Assembly. Women have no vote. In all the islands, except in New Providence, there is an antiquated system of open voting leading to abuse and victimisation. It is the rare of exceptions for the Out Islands to send one of their own inhabitants to the Central Parliament. Members are not paid and the travelling expenses would be heavy. So the members all hail from New Providence and if they visit their constituencies once a year the constituency considers itself lucky.

When sympathisers in this country ask why legislation is so backward, why "nothing is done," they are told that Britain has no power—we cannot possibly interfere with this centuries-old constitution, shared alike by the proud and ancient British Colonies of the Bahamas, Bermuda and Barbados. One seems to remember, though, that the British Government is not altogether inexperienced in the suspension and revision of colonial constitutions. If ever a British dependency has "asked for trouble," it has been the Bahamas. If ever a constitution asked for revision, it is the present extraordinary constitutions of the "three B's." Certainly, until its constitution is revised, the Bahamas will continue to resemble Cloud Cuckoo Land.

RITA HINDEN

ADVERTISED GOODS.—The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

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THE BEVERIDGE PLAN—WHERE ARE WE NOW?

In winding up the Beveridge debate Mr. Herbert Morrison said that out of Sir William Beveridge's 23 proposals, the Government had rejected only one, left open six for consideration, and accepted all the rest. This does not square with what Sir John Anderson said. Actually, he announced the rejection of three proposals, and the postponement for further discussion of five more. He accepted ten, and announced a qualified acceptance of the remaining five, not promising that they would be carried out in the form proposed. What Mr. Morrison failed to add was that these 23 proposals by no means cover the whole ground, and that some of the most startling departures from Sir William Beveridge's proposals are not included in this analysis. Moreover, strictly the Government has accepted *nothing*, for it says that the whole matter must be left open to be settled later, in relation to other demands on the Exchequer.

Children's Allowances

The Government, instead of accepting the 8s. a week proposed for all children after the first, has proposed 5s., which was the lowest figure regarded as acceptable by any body *before the war*, when prices were much lower. True, Sir John Anderson gave a vague undertaking to increase children's allowances in kind (school milk, school meals, etc.), and spoke of a possible 2s. 6d. a week as the value of these allowances at some uncertain future date, as against the 1s. allowed for them by Sir William over and above the proposed cash payment of 8s. The desirability of these allowances in kind is not disputed; but a *maximum* of 7s. 6d. a week, including cash and kind, is plainly inadequate.

Benefits and Cost of Living

The second departure from the Beveridge Plan is even more serious. Sir William based his benefit figures on an assumed price-level about 25 per cent. above that of 1938—which is, of course, much below the existing all-round level. He put forward these figures, not as those which ought actually to be paid after the war, but by way of illustration. Actually he proposed that the rates should be adjusted to whatever price-level may prevail when the scheme comes into force; and this adjustment forms an integral part of his Plan. The Government has rejected this principle and has thus thrown over the entire basis on which the Report rests.

Full account must be taken of these two matters, which are outside the 23 proposals. When this has been done, how much is left of Mr. Morrison's defence? No doubt Mr. Morrison tried to get a good deal more than the Cabinet would give, and had thereafter to put the best face he could on his colleagues' decisions. But that is no reason why the public should allow itself to be deceived by his special pleading.

Let us now come to the 23 proposals.

A Ministry of Social Security?

A.—The Plan proposes (1) unification of contributions, so that each insured person will pay a single weekly contribution covering all benefits and services; (2) unification of administration, so that the unified scheme will be run by a comprehensive Ministry of Social Security; (15) amalgamation of the special unemployment schemes for agriculture, etc., with the general scheme; (19) transfer of Public Assistance, except in institutions, to the Ministry of Social Security; (20) the administration of the new scheme for Blind Persons by the Ministry of Social Security; (21) transfer of the Employment Exchanges and the Assistance Board to the Ministry of Social Security; (22) conversion of the existing Unemployment Insurance Statutory Committee, which is responsible for watching the finance of unemployment insurance into a Social Insurance Statutory Committee, with a similar responsibility for the new scheme as a whole.

These seven proposals are all administrative, and they all hinge on the establishment of a Ministry of Social Security. The Government has accepted 1 and 15, which could be carried out without the Ministry, but has postponed consideration of all the rest, and has refused to set up any new Ministry for the present, on the plea that the existing departments can prepare plans just as well. But the essence of the Beveridge proposals is that they are meant to form a *unified plan*. What chance is there that they will be treated in this spirit if they are split up between a number of departments, each keen on its own traditions and intensely jealous of the others? A single Ministry, to cover at least the whole of the cash benefit side of the Plan, is imperative. The Government says it has not decided against such a Ministry, but the speeches showed that they acutely disliked the idea and hoped to be able to get away with a splitting up of the Plan among the existing departments, supplemented perhaps by some statutory Board or Commission.

This is dangerous and undemocratic. The purpose of setting up a Board instead of a Ministry would be to make it difficult for the electors to shoot at those responsible for the administration. A Minister of Social Security would have to answer for his doings in Parliament, and could be questioned. The unwillingness of the Government to set up a Ministry of Social Security is based on fear of democratic control and on a desire to enshrine bureaucracy beyond the reach of public attack. The public must insist on the immediate setting up of a Ministry of Social Security for three good reasons—that it is necessary for working out the plans for a unified service, that it is necessary for administering such a service, and that it is necessary for democratic control over the administration.

The Government tried to evade this issue by arguing that the new comprehensive Medical Service would need to be run by the Ministry of Health. It could be so run, if that proves the best way, and yet a Ministry of Social Security would be not a whit less necessary for running all the *cash benefit* services.

The Approved Societies

B.—We can next conveniently take together (3) the the suppression of the Approved Societies; (18) the provision of universal Funeral Grants; and (23) the conversion of Industrial Assurance into a public service administered by a Public Board. These three proposals all touch the vested interests of the great Insurance Companies. They affect, of course, other interests as well. (3) affects the Friendly Societies and the Trade Unions. But the head and forefront of the opposition to the Beveridge Plan in this field is to be found in the Insurance Companies, which run the largest Approved Societies for Health Insurance, are the principal purveyors of Funeral Benefits, and conduct a very big business in all forms of industrial insurance through their collecting agents.

Of these two proposals the Government has accepted two. Sir John Anderson, with tears in his eyes, has agreed to the abolition of the Approved Societies, and to the inclusion of funeral insurance in the social security scheme. He could not, in effect, do anything else. The existence of a number of separate Approved Societies, each paying a different range of benefits in return for the same contributions, is plainly inconsistent with the principle of unified insurance providing uniform benefits for all, and with the amalgamation of health, unemployment and pensions insurance into a single scheme. As for Funeral Benefit, the appalling wastefulness of sending a host of collecting agents to gather in small sums instead of including what is needed in the general social security contribution, leaves no room for argument. The immense number of lapses, the fact that 7s. 6d. out of every £ collected goes in expenses and profits, and the undesirability of giving agents an interest in "pushing" these forms of insurance, make an overwhelming case.

The Insurance Companies

The Government's rejection of the third proposal is a plain danger signal. Sir William Beveridge rightly took the view that, whereas voluntary insurance beyond the minimum cover provided by the State deserves every encouragement, it is wrong for such insurance to be run *for profit*, or for those who carry it on to have a financial interest in "pushing" it on often ignorant clients. He therefore proposed that the State should convert the industrial assurance business of the Insurance Companies—that is, the business done through weekly collections—into a public service, run by disinterested persons who would, of course, be in practice agents taken over from the existing bodies.

This proposal the Government has rejected outright. Nor is this all. Sir William Beveridge proposed that Friendly Societies and Trade Unions, which do large amounts of voluntary insurance against sickness *on a non-profit-making basis*, should be in some way associated with the management of the social security scheme. Sir John Anderson's words suggest that the Government has in mind the possibility of extending this to the profit-making Insurance Companies. This would make possible just what Sir William Beveridge wanted to prevent—the use of the companies' association with State insurance for the purpose of pushing their own profit-making business.

Workmen's Compensation

C.—Next comes proposal (4), dealing with Workmen's Compensation. At present, the injured workman has to get his compensation by legal process, and the amount is limited in cases of total disability to half the previous earnings, up to a *maximum* of 35s. a week, *plus*, in wartime, a special children's allowance. The present system often involves long delays before payment, and this leads to strong pressure on him to accept a lump sum. Sir William Beveridge proposes (*a*) the abolition of lump-sum payments, (*b*) immediate payment of disability benefit under the Social Security scheme, this to continue for 13 weeks, and (*c*) payment thereafter of a Disability Pension based on previous earnings up to two-thirds of earnings and to a maximum of £3 per week, of course *plus* Children's Allowance. These benefits would be paid not as now by the employers, but by the State, and would be extended to persons working on their own as well as to employees and to all accidents and diseases, whether occupational or not.

All these proposals the Government has put into cold storage. Why? The thorough reform of Workmen's Compensation is long overdue; and Sir William's proposal is indispensable if those who are disabled are to be kept from want. To leave out this group of proposals is to abandon the cardinal feature of the Beveridge Plan—its universality. No doubt the Government will answer that it has not rejected this part of the Plan, but only set it aside for the time being. But why set it aside?

A National Medical Service

D.—Next comes proposal (5), for a comprehensive Medical Service for the whole people, including all necessary forms of specialist and hospital treatment. This the Government has accepted in principle. Sir John said two things which greatly diminish the value of his apparent endorsement. One was that the position of the voluntary hospitals must be thoroughly safeguarded; the other, that the Government has no intention of preventing the continuance of private medical practice for those who want it. Surely the sensible course is to bring all hospitals, voluntary and municipal alike, into the scheme.

As for private medical practice outside the scheme—are we likely to get what is most wanted, *as good care and treatment for poor as for rich patients* as long as the distinction between "panel" and "private" patients is allowed to remain? I feel sure we shall not.

The Housewives

E.—Proposal (6) relates to the recognition of housewives as a distinct class of insured person. This involves not only bringing them and their children within the range of the comprehensive medical service, but also making them eligible for maternity grants, widows' benefits and pensions irrespective of their husbands' status under the scheme. This the Government has accepted, subject as elsewhere to the proviso that nothing it has accepted is to be regarded as binding if Sir Kingsley Wood says when the time comes that the money cannot be found.

Pensions for All

F.—Proposal (7) involves, first, the extension of insurance to cover prolonged disability, and, secondly, the provision of retiring pensions for everybody, and not merely for the classes hitherto insured. It is a proposal to make everybody entitled to a contributory pension, normally at 65 for men and 60 for women, but earlier as may be required for those who are disabled. With this go proposal (17), dealing with the revision of the existing scheme of pensions for widows, and proposal (14), which makes pensions conditional on retirement from earning, and provides for rising rates for each year over which retirement is postponed.

The Government's attitude to these pensions proposals has been only negatively defined. The increasing proportion of elderly persons in the population makes any adequate pensions plan necessarily expensive. Contributory pension arrangements are based on building up contributions over a period of years before the pensions have to be paid; and there is always difficulty in starting a new scheme which has to include a large number of persons near the pensionable age. It would seem unfair to put persons who have not been contributing on the same footing as those who have: yet, if this is not done, numbers of them will be left with quite inadequate pensions. Sir William produced a pensions plan which would take twenty years to come into full operation, and would thus allow for the accumulation of contributions. In the meantime, for those already

entitled to pensions, the rates payable would be gradually scaled up. The new scheme would thus have come fully into force by the time those who were under 45, if men, or 40, if women, at its beginning reached pensionable age; and special arrangements would have to be made through Public Assistance to meet hardships arising out of the inadequacy of the pensions payable to those already beyond these ages.

This proposal the Government has rejected, refusing to commit itself to the proposal to pay pensions in twenty years' time at an adequate living rate, and declaring its intention to do something in the nearer future to improve pension arrangements generally. What this something is remains undefined.

The proposals to make pensions conditional on retirement, and to allow rising rates where retirement is deferred, have been accepted. In relation to widows, the Government has said that it has in mind to be rather more generous than Sir William proposed to be; but there is no case for granting unconditional pensions to widows of any age. Sir William proposed that all widows should receive an unconditional weekly payment for 13 weeks, and that all widows with dependent children should receive Guardian Benefit at a living rate of 24s., subject to deductions for earnings. He proposed that widows without dependants should not receive pensions except those already granted, but should be eligible for Training Benefit up to 26 weeks. This might press hardly on widows who would lose their Guardian Benefit as their children grew up, and might be too old to learn a trade. It would be right to make special provision for such cases. But this fairly small gap in the Beveridge Plan furnishes no valid reason for throwing over the rest of the pension proposals.

Training Benefit

G.—Sir William Beveridge's next proposal (8) deals with Training Benefit, designed to give all those who lose their jobs and cannot get them back a chance of preparing themselves for an alternative occupation. This benefit is to be available for anybody who needs it, including widows and such persons as tradesmen or other independent workers who may lose their means of living. The Government has accepted this proposal.

Uniformity

H.—Proposals (9), (10), and (11) all deal with the assimilation of conditions of contribution and benefit between unemployment and health insurance. It has been one of the worst scandals that sickness benefit has been at a much lower rate than unemployment benefit, and has included no provision for children's allowances. Obviously, a man needs just as much when he is sick as when he is out of work, if not more; and unification implies that unemployment and disability benefits shall be at a uniform level, and that such conditions as to "waiting time" shall be the same. The Government has naturally agreed to all these proposals.

The Means Test

I.—Next come two proposals which the Government has rejected outright. Sir William Beveridge recommended that both Unemployment Benefit and Disability Benefit should be unlimited in duration. In order to prevent abuse he proposed to make this subject to certain conditions—to the acceptance of training for an alternative occupation in the case of the unemployed, and to observance of reasonable medical conditions in the case of the temporarily disabled. The Government says it regards their safeguards as insufficient, and proposes to make both unemployment and disability benefit subject to a time limit. This implies that, when the limit is reached, the unemployed and the ill are still to be subjected to a Means Test and referred to the Assistance Board. This is highly objectionable. One great merit of the Beveridge Plan is that it gets rid of the Means Test, for all except a very small residue of cases. The Government apparently intends to retain the Means Test, both for the long-term unemployed and for those who suffer from protracted illness.

Social Insurance for All

J.—There remains but one of Sir William Beveridge's 23 proposals. He urges, in proposal (16) that the existing exceptions to compulsory unemployment insurance be swept away. Clearly, if social security is to apply on a unified basis to all sections of the population, there can be no good reason for maintaining any exceptions; and the Government has naturally agreed.

Where Do We Stand?

I have now reviewed the Government's attitude to each of the 23 proposals and have pointed out how, in two respects not covered by them the Government has departed dangerously from the Plan. The discrepancies between Sir William Beveridge's Plan and what the Government has declared itself willing to accept are very serious. Taken together, they make so great a hole in it as to destroy its essential character as a comprehensive measure for the prevention of want. If, to what has been rejected, we add what has been set aside for future consideration, we have left neither the Beveridge Plan nor anything substantially like it, but a thing of shreds and patches which will leave cases of absolute want and injustice unremedied.

Moreover, the Government is pledged to NOTHING. Sir Kingsley Wood made it clear that the Government, despite its fair words, is still bound to nothing. Sir John Anderson repeated three times that the Government must not be regarded as having entered into any binding commitments, even upon the points to which they had assented in principle.

The basis of this evasiveness is, of course, the contention that the Government cannot be expected to commit itself until it has before it the entire programme of post-war social reforms. Social Security, so the argument runs, will have, in the calculation of what can be afforded, to be pitted against housing, education, and other kinds of reform, and even against plans for the development of industry, the expansion of civil aviation, and the need for giving relief to the middle-class taxpayers, for whom the Chancellor expressed a special solicitude.

Full Employment

It is, of course, indisputable that there will be limits to what can be afforded after the war. But these limits are not financial: they depend on what we are able to produce, and not on the face-value of the money tokens distributed. We can afford whatever we can produce, subject only to the need to use part of our productive resources for making capital goods in order to expand future production. What we can afford will depend not on the size of the National Debt but on our success in keeping up a high level of production. Sir William Beveridge emphasised that he was basing his Plan on the assumption of "full employment"—that is, on the assumption that the State would ensure that employment and production should be kept at the highest level compatible with the demands of leisure.

Sir John Anderson said that the Government accepted "full employment" as something to strive for; but anyone who reads his speech (and Sir Kingsley Wood's or Lord Simon's) can see that the Government is not hopeful about its ability to maintain a high level of employment. The plain truth is that, as long as the Government leaves it to "private enterprise" to find jobs for everybody under the stimulus of profit, the required number of jobs is unlikely to be found. If, on this basis, serious unemployment is allowed to continue, the burden of maintaining the aged, the disabled, the sick, and the unemployed will necessarily rest on a smaller number than it need. It is not enough for Government spokesmen to declare perfunctorily that they regard "full employment" as something to be desired: they must further declare their readiness to take the necessary means for securing it.

It may be argued that the Government is right in rejecting Sir William Beveridge's Plan of Social Security until workable plans for the maintenance of production and employment have been got ready. That is putting the argument the wrong way round. The State's obligation to maintain production and employment will not be accepted until the State has undertaken the obligation of keeping the sick, the aged and the unemployed at a tolerable minimum standard of life. Given the latter obligation, the State will have to assume the former and to take the requisite measures. Moreover the concession of a minimum standard of living will, by maintaining consumption, help to prevent depression and unemployment.

That this obligation to maintain employment will be accepted is Sir William Beveridge's "Assumption C." A large part of the propaganda designed to securing the endorsement by the Government of the Beveridge Plan should be directed to securing full acceptance of this "Assumption C." Unless it is accepted, not only the Beveridge Plan, but also most projects of social amelioration, will come to nothing.

Can We Afford It?

On the other hand, given the acceptance of "Assumption C" and of the measures needed to give effect to it, Great Britain can easily afford both the Beveridge Plan and its complements—the big schemes of housing and town-planning, electrical development, and so on—which will have to be included in the reconstruction programme. The productive capacity for all these projects is there to be used. What we cannot afford is not to afford the Plan; for if we allow a part of the people to exist in penury, we therewith lower our power to produce and enter once again the vicious circle of unemployment and under-consumption.

As for the tax-burden, what is it? The total immediate burden falling upon the taxpayer would be but £86 millions, as against £125 millions extra to be levied in contributions from the insured, and £98 millions to be levied on employers. The total apparent burden is thus £265 millions over and above what is involved in the existing schemes; but a large part of this excess is accounted for by what is now paid outside the State scheme for funeral benefits and for medical services which are to be included under the Beveridge Plan. Twenty years later, when the pensions part of the Plan has come fully into operation the total cost will be £160 millions higher than at the outset. But, if we have a high level of employment this cost will be easy to meet.

These figures are, of course, not absolute, but related to the assumed level of prices (25 per cent above those of 1938) on which Sir William Beveridge has based his calculations. But if they have to be scaled up or down, they will presumably rise or fall roughly in proportion to the size of the national money income, and the real cost involved will not be widely different. The *Economist* puts the *total* cost in 1945 at less than one-ninth of what the national income can reasonably be expected to be in that year, and the additional cost to the Exchequer at less than one seventieth of the national income. It is plain nonsense to say that this cannot be afforded—especially as in affording it we shall be bringing into play forces which will raise the national income to a higher level.

Summing Up—Pro

To sum up, the best features in the Government's reception of the Beveridge Plan are these, subject always to the proviso that it has committed itself to *nothing*:—

1. It has accepted the need for a *unified* system of Social Security.
2. It has accepted Children's Allowances, albeit at an inadequate rate.
3. It has accepted the principle of a National Medical Service open to all, albeit with dangerous reservations.
4. It has accepted the extension of Social Insurance to classes hitherto excluded.
5. It has accepted that Funeral Benefit must be included in the Social Security scheme.
6. It has agreed to the abolition of the Approved Societies, though it still shows a hankering after retaining the services of the Insurance Companies in some form.

Summing Up—Con

As against these merits, here are the definitely bad features:

1. It refuses to set up a Ministry of Social Security to prepare plans for putting the Beveridge Report into effect.
2. It refuses to agree that rates of benefit must be adjusted to the cost of living.
3. It refuses for the present to accept the proposed reform of Workmen's Compensation.
4. It rejects the proposal to make Unemployment and Disability Benefits of indefinite duration and thus proposes, in effect, to retain the Means Test.
5. It rejects the proposed scale of Children's Allowances, and substitutes a clearly inadequate scale.
6. It rejects the Pensions proposals, and refuses to give any promise to raise pensions to an adequate living standard.
7. It rejects the proposal to transform Industrial Assurance into a public service, and thus leaves the Insurance Companies free to continue their wasteful activities.
8. It insists that the voluntary hospitals and private medical practice must be maintained.

The Task Before Us

Propaganda in favour of a proper Plan of Social Security must clearly be concentrated mainly on the eight points. But it must not be forgotten that on the others, which have been formally accepted, the Government has refused to commit itself in any final way, and told us that, when the time comes, the Social Security proposals will have to be weighed in the balance against other claims. The right course for those who agree with Sir William Beveridge's proposals is to demand the acceptance of the *whole plan*. The whole plan hangs together; it was conceived as a unified system for the prevention of want: part of it cannot be let drop without destroying its essential character.

G. D. H. COLE

BIRD THOU NEVER WERT

THE first cuckoo arrived even earlier than usual this year. The Nature Correspondent of the *Times* has quoted the testimony of a number of people who have either heard or seen, or both heard and seen, the bird in the Isle of Wight. One of them wrote: "My niece heard the cuckoo here about 1 p.m. on February 26th"—to which sceptics will probably reply that what one's niece hears is not evidence. The human race may at the approach of Spring be divided into two parts—those who hear the first cuckoo and those who are convinced that the people who say they hears the first cuckoos are the victims of illusion. I am myself a Doubting Thompson in the matter of the early cuckoo. I can believe almost anything, from the story of Jonah and the Whale down to that of the Angels at Mons, but I cannot believe that anybody ever heard a migrant cuckoo in England towards the end of February. I do not question the good faith of those who announce the bird's premature arrival; but I attribute their evidence to a trick played on their hearing. Why the cuckoo should incite more people to write to the papers than any other bird is a mystery. Yet more people write letters to editors about cuckoos than about all the other Spring migrants put together. A man can see a swallow without feeling that this is news that must immediately be communicated to the press. He can hear the first willow-wren, one of the sweetest of singers, without being seized by an uncontrollable impulse to get out pen and paper and a twopence-half-penny stamp and tell the nation about it. Even the first nightingale singing under a full moon, though it may fill him with rapture, does not bring on an attack of *cacoethes scribendi*. The cuckoo enthusiast alone suffers from this affliction. He is like the old woman in the parable who, when she finds her lost piece of silver, calls in the neighbours to rejoice. Unfortunately, though everybody presumably believed that the woman had recovered her piece of silver, a large section of the human race refuses to believe the equally joyous story of the man who has heard the first cuckoo. Even the *Times* Nature Correspondent observes cautiously: "That the cuckoo said to have been heard at Wroxall, Isle of Wight, on February 29th, should be reported at Ryde two days later encourages belief in the genuineness of an occurrence about which, personally, I prefer to keep an open mind." One could scarcely blend belief with unbelief more subtly than that.

The earliest date for the appearance of the cuckoo that I have been able to trace is January 15th, on which day in 1925 a "specialist in cuckoos," as another ornithologist described him, saw a cuckoo at close quarters near Rochester—"flying across the road just in front of his motor-car, and gliding, and diving as cuckoos do." According to the second ornithologist, however, this particular cuckoo was not an early arrival, but was probably "a very late-hatched bird of 1924," which had "failed to migrate in consequence of not being forward enough to join in the seasonal impulse of the autumn or because of some slight injury." He also suggested that an exceptionally mild winter had saved the bird from death through starvation.

No such explanation is offered, however, for the presence in England of all those other cuckoos which year after year are heard in the second half of February. These, everyone will admit, are either migrants or myths. And most of those of us who do not hear them regard them as myths. On this point, our faith, or the lack of it, is fortified by the ornithologists who tell us that the cuckoo lives mainly on caterpillars, especially hairy caterpillars, which are unobtainable till later in the year. Some of these ornithologists maintain even that "the date of the cuckoo's arrival is more constant than that of any other migrant," and Sussex men have declared dogmatically that the cuckoo never arrives before April. The date of Cuckoo Fair, the Sussex gathering at which the old witch was said to liberate the first cuckoos from her basket, was April the fourteenth, and most of those who hear a cuckoo much earlier than that have probably only heard a local inhabitant practising bird-song. "It was such a fine morning," a villager once explained, "that I thought I'd give them the cuckoo." But, before the explanation was generally known, the local clergyman had written to the papers, announcing the miraculously early arrival of the bird from Nigeria.

After all, the song of the cuckoo is not a particularly difficult piece of music. A child can imitate it. A machine can imitate it. Even the distant bark of a dog can suggest it, and our senses are deceivers. We are at the mercy of countless deceptions practised on us alike by sight, hearing, taste and touch. I remember how, at a time when a German invasion was expected and the warning of the invasion was to be the ringing of church-bells, I was walking along a country road with a charming woman who stopped suddenly and said: "Do you hear that? The church bells are ringing. This," she said, with what I thought deplorable enthusiasm, "is a historic moment." I listened, and certainly from the distance there came a jingle-jangle not unlike the ringing of bells. As a wishful thinker, however, I remained sceptical, and my scepticism was justified, for we afterwards discovered that the noise was made by men with hammers dismantling a corrugated iron roof or some kind of machinery. Again and again I have come on instances of this gullibility of the ear. I have myself mistaken the squeak made by the unoiled wheel of a perambulator for the song of one of the less musical birds. On one occasion I sat in the company of a number of intelligent people, all of whom believed they were listening to the "pheu pheu" of a distant nightingale. The noise was actually produced by a smoker in the company who was solemnly and without any intention to deceive blowing through his empty pipe.

Evidence, then, is not a mere matter of honesty in the observer. For the ability of even the most honest men and women to observe accurately is surprisingly imperfect. Honest observers will describe a stocky man as slender, a fair-haired man as dark. A Canadian journalist who once interviewed me said that I was "blue-eyed" and "carelessly dressed"—both statements inventions, especially the second for, when I looked at myself in the mirror that morning, I saw a carefully dressed figure that might have come out of a band-box. When we consider how inaccurate are human sight and hearing, we cannot but be surprised that juries can ever come to a confident decision on the evidence. Witness contradicts witness, and not always through a natural love of perjury. In politics we find the same conflict of evidence, one Member of Parliament denouncing another as the result of having heard some sentence inaccurately. Even the greatest statesmen often give totally contradictory accounts of conversations in which they have taken part and of scenes they have witnessed. It is easier to trust the honesty of human beings than their accuracy.

Let us, then, not be too censorious of the enthusiasts who hear the early cuckoo. After all, it is a mysterious bird and has for centuries been a symbol of deception. It has been called the Falstaff among the birds; and the Falstaff is the Falstaff of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Its very cry is a mocking shout as though, a gay deceiver, it were playing a game of hide and seek. Why such a bird should be so popular is inexplicable. It is one of the most vicious of birds, yet it is loved chiefly by the virtuous. In the ears of those who hear the early cuckoo, its song is a song of innocence, conjuring up images of the purity of a Spring morning.

I have seen it stated that the cuckoo has at least the virtue of being monogamous, but, as there are said to be six male cuckoos for every female, it might be more accurate to say that the female cuckoo is polyandrous. Still, with all his faults, his voice opens, as does that of no other

I wonder where he is?

Twilight.
The sky is filled with
droning . . . droning . . .
Bombers are going out
—I wonder where he is
"—*my Peter!*"
He too is going out
somewhere —
— now.
Laughing —
yes, laughing of course!
With his boys.
Jock, his gunner,
Dave the Australian,
Poker-Face — second
pilot to Shorty —
the imperturbable:
Cup o' cauffee, Sir?
To think,
Last week he was home;
The stories he told
of them . . . . .
and the old kite —
'Peter's Delivery Van!'
Good luck to them — all.
Baby's asleep, Peter.
Some day —
Some day
You'll come home
for good
May that day be soon.

* * *

We hear the droning, as we listen to the radio and we say "*Lot going over tonight—anything interesting after the news?*" That droning means anxiety — and may mean sorrow — to many a wakeful woman. Let us not forget that. Let us not be conceited about either our war work or our savings. We owe more to our fighting men than we shall ever repay — for we only lend where they give; and give all! *Consider your savings in the light of THIS thought.*

Issued by the National Savings Committee.

bird, the doors of the enchantment of April. Never did any other singer produce such magical effects with two notes. At the sound the world's great age begins anew every April. Nay, every February for the lucky people, the enthusiasts, the deluded, the letter-writers. Y.Y.

STATION SYREN

She sat with a Warwick Deeping,
And her legs curl'd round in a ring,
Like a beautiful panther sleeping,
Yet always ready to spring.

Tweed on her well-knit torso,
Silk on each big strong leg,
An officer's lady—and more so
Than those who buy off the peg.

More cash than she knew of for spending
As a Southgate girl at home,
For there's crooning and clinging unending,
For the queen of the girls at the 'drome.

Beautiful brown eyes burning
Deep on the Deeping page,
Beautiful dark hair learning
Coiffuring tricks of the age.

Negligent hand for holding
A Flight-Lieutenant at bay,
Petulant lips for scolding
And kissing the trouble away.

But she isn't exactly partial
To any of that sort of thing,
So maybe the Air Vice-Marshal
Will buy her a Bravington ring.

SYLVIA PADDINGTON

THE MOVIES

"Shadow of a Doubt," at the Tivoli

"Cargo of Innocents," at the Empire

A second visit to *The Magnificent Ambersons* confirms first impressions: that this film is as remarkable in its way as *Citizen Kane*. The style is unquestionable; what about the matter, which some critics have found thin? If anything, it improves, I think, with familiarity, and if I say that I should like to see Welles try his hand at Ibsen (*Ghosts*, for example), it is only because the filming of Ibsen seems now within the range of Wellesian possibilities. Meanwhile, the Ambersons go on their elusive way, this week in Kingston, next at Burnt Oak, and I suppose full houses in out-of-the-way places will continue to testify to the enthusiasm and travelling powers of the highbrow. But is there no cinema in the West End where *The Magnificent Ambersons* could be allowed to run for a month or so? The queues outside the Astoria suggest that it is not audiences but box-offices that are unwilling. It is an odd fact that the only highbrow cinema left in London (Studio One) should be predominantly French.

Shadow of a Doubt is the best film Hitchcock has made. No need this time for darksome mills, car chases, ticking clocks, scrambles over the Statue of Liberty: the whole wonderful apparatus has been thrown away, and we are given—this is the highest praise I can think of—a crime story comparable with one of Simenon's. Crime and ordinary life rarely consort together on the screen; the gangster story and the detective story are both, for different reasons, remote from experience; *Shadow of a Doubt* shows us an average family in an average small town, welcoming a distinguished visitor who is in fact being trailed by the police. This psychopath (Joseph Cotten) remains—even after the gradual disclosure of his mania—Uncle Charlie, an attractive if somewhat disquieting stranger, and with admirable skill the secret of his guilt is kept from all the characters except a favourite niece and the two detectives on his track. We guess, she (Teresa Wright) begins to guess; the natural sympathy between uncle and niece becomes a nightmare of suspicion and complicity, ending—but perhaps I shouldn't reveal more. The quiet family life going on unconcernedly round this drama is admirably developed; there are delightful touches in the two children of the family and in the father's hobby, which he shares with a neighbour—murder stories. Good acting, especially from Joseph Cotten, Teresa Wright as the niece and Patricia Collinge as the mother; good photography, good script. If the film has a fault it is that Hitchcock is too tender-hearted and shuffles a bit at the end. But it comes off, shuffle and all.

Cargo of Innocents has the same subject as a recent "March of Time" film—a "tin can" destroyer refurbished and sent into action, but Metro-Goldwyn have seen possibilities in the theme which never occurred to the austere journalists of *Time*. For example, the destroyer picks up a raft-load of babies, and goes into action with two women giving birth to two more babies. Then the destroyer sinks a Jap battleship single-handed, while the Admiral instead of attending to the enemy is waiting for news of the latest baby. Charles Laughton is the Admiral, crusty and benevolent, and an endearing old dog he is. But why make a film about Atlantic convoys—as exciting and tragic a theme as could be picked on—in order to garland it with domestic comedy?

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

THE ELECTOR'S DILEMMA

SIR,—Week after week the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION keeps up a well-reasoned, well-documented criticism of Government policy, on a variety of questions—the absence of a political war strategy and of concrete peace aims, the entrenchment of vested interests behind wartime controls, the negative policy in India and so on. This makes very satisfactory reading for those who are already convinced—and is read by few, if any, who are not. It does not, so far as I can judge, have any effect on Government policy. It is the function of a journal to instruct and guide opinion, and of political parties or movements to make that opinion effective. The real problem for Socialists at the present time is not what *ought* to be done—on that we are mostly agreed—but how to ensure that it *is* done. And it is at this point that many of us feel frustrated. If we belong to the Labour Party we are debarred from making open propaganda for the policies we regard as of vital importance—to do so, it is asserted, will imperil "national unity"; and it is by no means clear to what extent the present Labour Party leadership is itself in favour of these policies. If, on the other hand, we associate with a more independent movement, such as Common Wealth, we are accused of splitting the Left (as well as, presumably, the nation). The Communist Party confines its propagandist talents mainly to Russia and the Second Front, which is good so far as it goes, but certainly not enough.

Yet as individuals what can we do? Write to our M.P., perhaps, but this is not likely to be of much effect except as part of an organised campaign. Persuade and convert our friends—but most of them think the same, anyhow, and if we do make converts the first thing they want to do is to join some organisation which stands for the principles they have come to believe in; and we are faced with the same dilemma as before.

These difficulties seem to me real and important. I do not know the answer; perhaps someone more experienced in political strategy can offer guidance. In the meantime I put forward the following suggestions for discussion.

(1) Members of the Labour Party who feel they have any influence can work to persuade their leaders to take a stronger line in insisting that Government policy must be brought more into line with the movement of public opinion if the political "truce" is to be maintained.

(2) "Unattached" Socialists and those who cannot do anything effective through their local Labour Party can work with Common Wealth to spread their views

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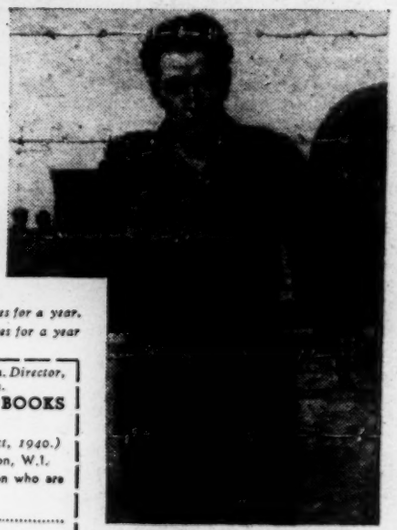

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amongst that, not inconsiderable, section of the public which is moving leftward and is not being catered for by existing parties.

(3) Both groups *should support* Socialist candidates at by-elections irrespective of advice from party headquarters. Impressive polls, such as that scored by Tom Wintringham at North Midlothian, speak more eloquently in Ministerial ears than the best-phrased editorial, and moreover strengthen the hands of the Labour Ministers in taking the line indicated above. "National Unity" is now being used as a smoke screen by the Tories just as German marks and Red Letters have been in the past; we must not be taken in by it.

F. L. JACKMAN

STATE MEDICAL SERVICE

SIR,—In your issue of March 20th Dr. Harry Roberts pleads at length for free choice of doctor. He quotes the letter of a R.A.M.C. officer who deplores in strong terms the bureaucratic implications of a planned medical service. I should like to ask him how many serving doctors he has met. I have still to find one (under 40) who speaks the reactionary language of his correspondent (and I am not a member of the Socialist Medical Association). Is not this "free choice of doctor" largely illusory or meaningless—illusory where the system is inefficient and meaningless where the public is unenlightened? The system can be improved, but the requisite enlightenment is not practicable even if it is desirable. Medical treatment cannot be assessed by the layman on the basis of results like wireless repairs; even their professional colleagues often fail to distinguish a good doctor from a bad one. Nor is "education" any qualification, witness the lucrative practices of osteopaths, chiropractors, homœopathists, bogus consultants and colonic irrigators! Patients who in their thousands attend our hospital out-patient departments neither demand nor expect freedom of choice of doctor; they are (or should be) happy in the expectation of a uniformly high standard of competence. This is all we ask of a planned medical service. If Dr. Roberts and his medical correspondent believe that this smacks of Hitlerism and smells of bureaucracy let them refocus their glasses and turn their eyes again to the east. Medical men who are primarily interested in the health of the community will untiringly use their special insight into social conditions to promote political change, and will then apply their expert knowledge of medicine to guide our administrators. If, on the other hand, private practice is their first interest—i.e. if the real issue is freedom of choice of *patient*—then surely the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION should not subscribe to their cause with obscurantist ramblings about Socialism and the individual.

MAJOR, R.A.M.C.

SIR,—I was interested to read Mr. Harry Roberts's article on "Socialism and the Individual" in your issue of the 20th, particularly his last paragraph, in which he states "The fact that a certain number of insured persons show little intelligence in their selection of doctors affords no more reason for the abolition of 'free choice' than is afforded . . ." Is this quite correct? Even if intelligence is shown can the insured persons have "free choice"?

Let me take two instances. An insured person moves from one district to another, he looks around for a doctor and in doing so makes discreet inquiries from workmates as to the best doctor in his district; having fixed upon a "choice" he asks to be placed on this doctor's panel, to be met with "Sorry, I am full up." A doctor leaves a district, or retires, another takes over the practice, the insured persons on this doctor's panel are faced with two choices; to allow their names to remain on the new doctor's panel, or be faced with a change of doctor, and perhaps be refused by their new "choice" because that doctor's panel is already full.

Is this freedom of "choice," even if more than usual intelligence is forthcoming in obtaining a "free choice"?

A. W. LOVEYS

SIR,—In this week's issue you say:

> "The panel patients, for instance, could tell the Government a good deal about the different treatment meted out by many doctors to them and to private patients,"

yet you would make all patients State patients, who are even more unprotected than panel patients. May I, while veiling myself in the deepest anonymity, give away a professional secret?

When a patient enters the consulting room of even the noblest private practitioner, the practitioner thinks—

"Ah, here is some bread and butter. I hope it's a thick slice. I must be polite."

When a patient enters the consulting room of a State Medical Officer, the officer, even if he is of the noblest character and only possesses one stripe, thinks:

"Damn; here is a malingerer who wants to stop my game of golf this afternoon. Thank God I need not be polite."

Since my anonymity is in the safe keeping of your honourable hands, I will confess that I eagerly look forward to the day when I shall be a State Officer and able to behave like this; so please continue your noble propaganda to convince the fat-headed British public that doctors who are State Officers and can order them about, are much better in every way than private doctors who are their servants, and whom they can order about.

MEDICUS

NIETZSCHE

SIR,—I thoroughly enjoyed Mr. Cyril Connolly's skit upon "Voltaire's return to present-day England," and I am, even more perhaps than he, inclined to regret the death of free thought in our world. But what happens to free thought when it really appears in our age may be seen from his own treatment of Nietzsche, whom he, in company with many English and American writers, names in one breath with Hegel and even with a Barrès and a Sorel!

For Nietzsche is not the adversary of Voltaire; he is his direct and logical descendant. Has Mr. Connolly who knows so much about Voltaire, forgotten his "Ecrasez l'Infâme," or doesn't he know what and who "l'Infâme" was and is?

There is, however, as your contributor rightly says, "a great danger that we lose the intellectual courage of Renaissance men in the long struggle with the totalitarians." There is, indeed, the danger of being infected by diseased Nazis—just as the Catholic priest Father Damien was infected by the South Sea lepers, whom he attended in totalitarian devotion until his heroic death.

There is an allusion in Mr. Connolly's article to the undoubted spread of anti-Semitism in England. This attitude was hardly known when I came to this country fifty years ago; it is a disease caught from Germany, where, since Luther, it has been endemic. And how can you wonder, when witty and intelligent critics dismiss Nietzsche as a mere German, him who had denounced anti-Semitism, Nationalism, Xenophobia, Insularity long before these ideas had driven us into the two world wars?

Is there no way out of all this madness? Yes, there is one. On Sunday I was listening to Mr. Winston Churchill's broadcast, in which he calls himself "a Good European." This word was coined by Nietzsche nearly sixty years ago. Is it the dawn?

OSCAR LEVY
Editor of the authorised English translation of Nietzsche's works.

BOARDING SCHOOLS

SIR,—It is said that the L.C.C. has been misrepresented or misunderstood about the public schools Whatever its real views are, the issue has revealed as much muddled thinking, and ranging from the Western Brothers complex to sheer humbug, as any controversy of recent years. Representative of this was a letter from a reverend gentleman to a great National daily this week which seemed to suggest that if only the poor knew the hardship, self-sacrifice and study which characterised attendance at our public schools, they might not be so keen to have their children go there.

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The fact remains that the L.C.C. does not see the public schools, as constituted, fitting into its educational scheme of things. Well, what is it going to do about it? Is it satisfied with its secondary schools? If not, why should it not start its own boarding public schools, along the lines suggested in Mr. Duncan Smith's letter? There are plenty of suitable mansions around London, in surroundings which would bring the young Londoner, boy and girl, into contact with Nature—a wonderful gift in itself to the youth of a great overgrown city. Advisedly "mansions" even if modern buildings have to be added. They provide colour and background lacking in the stereotyped school building favoured by the official mind.

Let it recruit a proportion at least of masters and mistresses with experience of teaching in public schools and the ancient grammar schools. Give the heads similar authority to the heads of the public schools with boards of governors composed of eminent men and women willing to participate in a great educational experiment.

Above all it should not recruit all the scholars by "open written examination," thereby getting masses of spectacled swots. Opportunity should be given for paying scholars, for recommendations from primary schools based on teachers' observations of character, vision, or leadership. Heaven knows society needs these to be encouraged as well as scholarship.

What the great City companies have done in the past the L.C.C. could do in the future. Tradition accrues more quickly than is imagined; take Stowe for example. There is no reason why the L.C.C. should not found half-a-dozen Christ's Hospitals after the war. We shall need the best from *all* our youth in the years ahead and the way to get it is to give them equal opportunity to develop.

J. FORDHAM SADLER

THE MERRY WIDOW

SIR,—Just a look at the posters and a glance at the photos outside His Majesty's Theatre was already enough for me not to revive my memories of "Die lustige Witwe" (not stütige). What made Madge Elliott and Cyril Ritchard think that they were suited for their parts? Neither their voices nor their dancing seemed to me their strongest points in recent years, and *The Merry Widow* could do with a little more youthful charm.

Now a tailor in the Army, after digging the roads in the Pioneer Corps, I've nearly forgotten that I once upon a time used to be a dress and stage designer. But the photos outside the theatre made me decide to go to the Stoll and hear Dvořák's Fourth Symphony instead. "Not strictly of the period," was a very kind way of putting it by Desmond MacCarthy. Professor Stern made many lovely sets in his life. His *White Horse Inn* does not need any comment. Even recently in *Fine and Dandy* has he shown his art was very much up to date. His sets for the same operetta in Berlin *avant* Hitler were terrific; what happened this time?

Being a nephew of Kurt von Schuschnigg the unfortunate former Chancellor of Austria, I would have loved to see London put up a better show of the good old Vienna than Hitler did in Munich. More so as my own tailoring is not all I wanted to do for the liberation of my country.

A NOT SO VERY MERRY VIENNESE

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JONATHAN CAPE

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KEGAN PAUL

BOOKS IN GENERAL

After I had read Chehov's *My Life** this week and had reflected on the enormous difference that lies between him and the Soviet writers of the last twenty years, I came to the conclusion that it is disadvantageous for a writer to have been a doctor. The advantages are, of course, enviable and notorious. The doctor sees a huge variety of people. Unlike the priest or the lawyer, he is harder to cheat, and he sees men and women naked in one or two of the great crises of human life, when pain and misery have broken down all guards. The disadvantages seem to me to be two: first, he sees the world only when it is sick. Life is a patient lying passively before him. Secondly, he is caught by the habit of diagnosis, a habit which encourages a static conception of life and human nature. The doctor is plainly at work in this way in Chehov's stories. We see him isolating the pattern in the lives of his characters and diagnosing the case. To this pattern the poet in Chehov fits the natural cadence—a comic or elegiac music which is appropriate to the sight of human beings caught, ridiculously or unhappily, in patterns that are fixed. The weakness of this static conception of life and character is obvious. The assumption is that there is a definite point outside of life and outside of society from which one can contemplate them.

I see no reason why a writer should not make this assumption or any other; in literature one is justified by results and the peculiar cadence of Chehov's stories enabled him triumphantly to dispense with plot in a form of writing which seemed entirely to depend on formal exactitude. But when we read a story like *My Life* we are bound to notice that by the end of the tale none of the characters has changed. They spend their time going round in circles. The same can be said of *The Darling* or *The Lady With the Dog*. There is essential change in neither character nor situation. The doctor has said bronchitis or kidney trouble and bronchitis and kidney trouble it is until the end of the time, and one can only go away murmuring, as so often Chehov's charac ers do murmur: "How sad life is." Of course, all kinds of events occur in these stories: the young man in *My Life* marries, his sister is seduced. And all kind of moods and ideas come to these people. In *My Life* Chehov drew, in that somehow arid, pen-and-watercolour detail of his, a scathing picture of corrupt and pushing people in an awful provincial town and linked it all with the social and spiritual problems of their time. A great deal happens to the narrator of the story, and what happens is enormously important. He is in open rebellion against his family and his class. He has thrown away the privileges of the nobleman to become a common workman. He has openly rejected the intellect for the spirit. He puts the dignity of manual labour against the indignity of corrupt middle-class life as he sees it. First of all his wife, and then a rising young doctor who are both impressed by his stand, betray him; or rather they move ruthlessly and with assurance to the prizes that are to be had by gifted people and, what is worse, have good grounds for thinking their integrity as sound as his. The workers themselves cheat him and lead disgusting lives. He is left with his morose rebellion still on his hands, reflecting on the sadness of life, the defeat of gentleness and the betrayal of faith. Only his dead sister's child consoles him. He is back at his starting point.

Yet all the people, events and ideas which we have seen displayed with such exciting limpidity in *My Life* lack a vital substance. One feels they are caught not in the toils of a story but in the wayward meshes of a mood. The things which occur to the two chief characters are like the wind soughing in the branches of two trees in winter. The branches bend and sway; they toss and struggle; but once the wind has died away they come to rest and form once more their familiar pattern against the sky. Life is something which passes through them like a sigh; it does not grow out of them. Their story has been that epidemic agitation which came from no one knows where and as mysteriously departs. When I say that the agitation comes from nowhere I mean to stress, for a moment, what is perhaps Chehov's greatest quality—his sense of the mystery and elusiveness of living. But in fact Chehov both knows and does not know the source of his particular drama. *My Life* is especially readable to-day because it shows Chehov's acute knowledge of the social conditions of his time and his great indignation. He sees, as a doctor, the force of environment. But he is like those doctors who see environment merely as a widening of the personal pattern. The problem is larger, too large for us. Before it the doctor-artist can do no more than state the problem correctly; he cannot solve it. His duty is to preserve his integrity. It is easy enough to show the relation of this point of view to the stagnant political conditions in Russia during Chehov's lifetime. Chehov himself has written about that in his letters and has set down—in a passage of perhaps too sweeping self-criticism—the opinion that greatness is denied his contemporaries and himself because the sense of "going somewhere," the impetus of moral purpose and the desire to suggest life as it might be as well as life as it is, has been denied them. Chehov would hardly perceive that his own work has that inescapable nostalgia for the future which is one of the characteristic notes of Russian literature. Between the lines of his stories—and he is, I would say, unsurpassed in the power of suggestion that lies between one sentence and the next—Chehov has no lack of purpose: his plea for personal integrity is joined to the wider plea for compassion. And the hero of *My Life* cannot be accused of regarding integrity as a private exercise. But the interesting thing is to see how this attitude of Chehov's affected his stories. It does not matter how energetic, successful and dynamic some of his characters are—no one can accuse the newly rich engineer in *My Life* of being sapless—they are Chehov's only while they are his patients. They are cases. They are fixed patterns. They are still because they are seen from the outside. We see all the incalculable things in a human being; we do not see the calculable dynamism of the will. And it will be noticed that we never see Chehov's characters acquiring their character. The young man in *My Life* has started his rebellion before the story begins. What started the rebellion? What incident started it? Chehov does not show us. Surely some inner force in that character or in the society which produced him. In that force Chehov is not interested.

Gorki, whose instinctive criticisms of other writers were so often exact, was right when he said that after Chehov realism could go no farther. He was right, that is, if he meant the detached realism that stands outside. In Russia attachment has undoubtedly succeeded detachment. The common quality which unites the best Soviet writers is, I suppose, a humanity which shows society growing out of the generous energies of man himself. The very dullness, as well as the fire of the will, is celebrated. The patient is out of the sick bed. The case is altered, and by the discovery of his own energies. Disappointed as we are often by the Soviet writers, we recognise a new ferment in them, and though one effect of Marxism seems to have been the birth of a new respectability, there has also been a fierce, tumultuous romantic phase in the work of writers like Babel and Pilnyak and the earlier Gorki. They were frowned upon by the concrete mixers who were sound middle-brow novelists groaning under the weight of their own civic virtues. But that phase also has passed as the shock worker gave place to the natural citizen. A new anthology† like Mr. John Rodker's reveals the most diverse tendencies. To compare these stories with Chehov's, who is one of the world's masters, would be ridiculous. Only Babel and Gorki can stand the comparison. Babel is undoubtedly a force. He belongs to the epic period of the Civil Wars, a time of raw and heroic anarchy. A natural story teller, Babel takes the heavy problems of propaganda at a gallop. Mr. Rodker reprints Babel's famous story *The Letter*, in which a son has to convey to his mother that he has witnessed and welcomed his father's death. His father was fighting for the Whites. Babel lifts this theme out of the arguments of sectarianism into the heat of life. There is another remarkable Babel story: *Karl-Yankel*. It is a tale about a primitive Rabbi who is arrested by the Communists for circumcising a baby. Here was an invitation to a dull lecture on enlightenment and antiseptic methods, but Babel bursts jovially into the hullaballoo. The Jews feel their religion is on trial. The Communists feel they are fighting filth. While the Court shouts and wrangles, the baby sucks dreamily at the breast. Which side is right? Babel leaves the Court laughing:

> I had grown up in those streets. Now had come Karl Yankel's turn. But they had never fought about me as they were fighting about Karl Yankel. Nobody had bothered very much about me.
>
> "It is absolutely impossible," I whispered to myself, "for you not to be happy, Karl Yankel . . . it is absolutely impossible for you not to be happier than I was."

Pilnyak, whose horrifying famine story *A Bare Year* is also reprinted, has been more of a problem to the orthodox. His novel, *The Volga Flows Into the Caspian*, was an attempt at redemption, but the savage is the world of his literary instinct. But even in Pilnyak one notices the richness of the Russian scene and the famous Russian "broadness." The sins of his characters are squalid but lavish. One can accuse his people of everything except hypocrisy.

The few love stories in this collection are banal. There is one factory story which struck me—Nicolai Virta's *The Root of Life*—about the conflict between an old craftsman who works by traditional instinct and a younger man who (as Chehov's characters used so hopefully to say) "employs the latest methods." This kind of story, in which the interest lies in disputes about skill and tricks of work, is a centre piece of working-class literature, and it is psychologically dramatic. An English working-class literature would be full of them. There are twenty-two stories in this collection by new names and old, and in all of them we are on the inside of life. With life we act, we preach, we enjoy, we suffer; we are not watching joy and suffering at one remove. And the optimism is neither humdrum nor vulgar. It may be naive but is the optimism of being alive, gregariously alive; each of these characters feels that what happens to Russia happens to him. One may wish they did not say this so often; but there has always been a feeling like this in Russian literature. The difference between Chehov's time and to-day is the important one that Russia is no longer an illness which afflicts the characters of Russian novels. It is—at any rate in the best of these stories—an energy, a movement and a release.

V. S. Pritchett

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If you have failed to obtain this "New Statesman" pamphlet from your newsagent, please write to the Publishers, 10, Great Turnstile, W.C.1, and they will try to secure a copy for you

* *My Life*. By Anton Chehov. Translated by E. R. Schimanskaya. Staples & Staples. 2s. 6d.

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Intertraffic : Studies in Translation. By E. S. BATES. *Cape.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

There is nothing to be ashamed of in the practice of translation. Some of the greatest poets, Catullus and Shelley among them, have used it to improve their technique. Its popularity is often a sign of a vigorous young literature as it was in Republican Rome, in Elizabethan England, in Russia before Pushkin. Any poet who cares for his art may well look abroad for new methods and try to see if they can be acclimatised in his own language. In our own day Mr. J. B. Leishman's brilliant versions of Rilke have had a notable influence on younger poets, and we may expect something even more remarkable when he publishes the versions of Hölderlin, of which the B.B.C. has already given so exciting a foretaste. Before him Mr. Arthur Waley's translations from the Chinese created a new kind of *vers libre* and showed that a form which seemed suited mainly to ecstatic or explosive feelings was admirably suited to the quietest and simplest themes. Our own age has produced excellent translations and profited by them. No wonder that it has also theorised about translation and tried to shape rules for it.

The latest contribution comes from the accomplished pen of Mr. E. S. Bates. Acquainted with several languages, both Western and Eastern, he raises many interesting questions and makes many provocative statements. He attacks the subject at its most difficult point, and the best parts of his book are on translation from Chinese and from Greek. He assumes, rightly enough, that the translator must at all costs reproduce the spirit of his original. He then proceeds to examine different versions of the same original, to compare them and to pass judgment on them. His comparisons between the work of Mr. Waley and Mr. Ch'u Ta-kao show him at his best. On the whole the Englishman wins, because, after all, English is his own language, and he is more resourceful in his use of it than a Chinese, no matter how gifted, can hope to be. Yet even in this Mr. Bates' discussion is a little artificial. For here the fundamental difficulty is not of translation, of finding English equivalents to Chinese words, but of knowing what the original means. The *Tao Te Ching*, which he discusses, is so ancient and so mysterious that it may be interpreted in very different ways. Such interpretation is primarily the work of the scholar and not of the translator. Mr. Waley and Mr. Ch'u have their own views about it, but that is because they are scholars, not because they are translators. In this example Mr. Bates adds an unnecessary difficulty to a task already difficult enough.

It is easy to talk of reproducing the spirit of an original. The question is how to do it. In any work of art the form is of the greatest importance. Ideally, the translation of a poem should reproduce its form and convey the same metrical or rhythmical effect as the original. Of all difficulties in translation this is the greatest, particularly when a language is so different from English as Chinese. Not merely is Chinese monosyllabic. It has nothing that we can call syntax; its metres are far more compressed and more complex than ours; it is composed in ideographs whose visual appearance is said to be part of the general æsthetic appeal. If we neglect the last factor as more appropriate to printing than to composition, we have still to ask how the forms of Chinese verse can be put into English. And the answer seems to be that they cannot, at least until English has reached that curious simplification which Chinese had found in the dawn of its known history. The most accurate and most elegant translation seems fated to miss something essential in the original. In Japanese it is different, and Mr. Bates ably shows how Japanese, which has no accent and in which verse is based on a given number of syllables, goes neatly into French. English has a stronger accent than French, but syllabic verse of this kind is possible, and we look forward to some good English pieces from the Japanese.

The difficulty of form is not so great with Greek as with Chinese, but it is still great. The ordinary iambic line of tragedy passes easily into blank verse. The Homeric hexameter can be reproduced in a kind of way. Mr. Bates is right to draw attention to the interesting version of the *Odyssey* made by H. B. Cotterill. Unlike most translators of Homer, Cotterill uses a metre which is reasonably close to his original. Yet so different is English from Greek that the effect is hardly that of Homer's hexameter. A competent pair of lines like

> Touching this crew—their ship with the blinding bolt of my thunder
> Smiting I'll shatter asunder amidst of the wind-dark ocean,

moves more slowly than the Greek and is less melodious. The reasons are largely that English lacks Homer's great long words, that its stress accent is less pronounced than his system of long and short syllables, that the impoverished English syntax demands more words than the Greek. Still, with these reservations, the English hexameter is at least a reflection of something real. In other languages, notably in German and in Russian, where the syntax is richer and the accent more pronounced than in English, the hexameter has been acclimatised with great success, and it is interesting to recall that one of the first masterpieces of modern Russian poetry was Zhukovsky's version of Gray's *Elegy* into accentual hexameters.

Far more difficult than the hexameter are the complex metres of Greek lyric poetry. Some of them certainly can be transferred into English, and such examples as Tennyson's Alcaics and Swinburne's Sapphics catch the authentic ancient tune. But Greek metres are seldom so simple as these, and the choral songs of tragedy present almost insuperable difficulties. Mr. Bates faces this question and gives instructive examples from Gilbert Murray and Paul Claudel. On Murray he is a little hard. No doubt the pre-Raphaelite trimmings, which won so great a fame for his Euripides, have worn a little thin, and no doubt he adds too much of his own to his originals. Yet his method has won a popularity for Greek tragedy such as it never had before in England, and this is itself a great claim. He has at least popularised an alien and difficult poetry. A more serious charge against both Claudel and Murray, which Mr. Bates does not make, is that neither has found a satisfactory equivalent to Greek choric metres. The splendid rhythms of the Greek are imperfectly represented in English anapaests or in French iambics. They need something more varied. No one has yet succeeded in conveying this essential quality, but surely the task is not impossible.

It is important to dwell on this question of form because so many English translators neglect it in their eagerness to get the spirit. Yet the two are indissolubly connected, and a neglect of the form will give a wrong notion of the spirit. For instance, Russian poetry presents forms which hardly exist in English, and are therefore neglected by translators. But this is to mutilate the originals. When a good scholar translates Lermontov's *Clouds*, he gives us

> Ye clouds of heaven that, linked in pearly chain,
> Over the azure steppe go wandering forth,
> As I in exile go, so hasten ye
> To southern climes from our beloved north.

The sense is correct, but the whole effect is different from the original, which has a dactylic

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rhythm and triple rhymes. In fact, it is something more like this:

Clouds in the skies above, hastily scurrying
Over blue steppes in a pearly row endlessly,
Are you, as I am, to banishment hurrying,
From the lov'd North to the South going friendlessly?

The metre is essential to the poem, and mere difficulty in reproducing it should not lead a translator into substituting a different metre for it.

Though English has produced many noble translations, and though the Authorised Version, on which Mr. Bates is curiously harsh, and FitzGerald's *Rubaiyat* are among its most popular books, its standards are not always high. Translation is too often left to enthusiastic amateurs who do not realise their full responsibilities. No translation of Goethe can compare in exactness or power with Stefan George's translation of Shakespeare's Sonnets. It is a sign of vigour that to-day translation is better than it has been for many years, and perhaps we may look forward to new versions of foreign masterpieces.

C. M. BOWRA

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Mr. Fortune Finds a Pig. By H. C. BAILEY. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Mrs. Christie continues blending nursery rhymes with chess problems to create exquisite detective cocktails. Her latest, *Five Little Pigs*, is concocted of the simplest ingredients, shaken together by the hand of genius. Sixteen years before the story opens a famous painter has been poisoned by drinking hemlock in a glass of beer. His wife was convicted of the murder, reprieved, and died in prison a year later, leaving a letter to her daughter solemnly protesting her innocence. The daughter, aged 5 at the date of the crime, is given the letter when she is 21—and applies to Poirot to get the truth. If Mrs. Crale did not kill her husband there were five other persons who might have done so—the five little pigs. Poirot interviews them in turn and reconstructs the crime. It is as simple as that. Which little pig? I have heard exasperated voices sometimes exclaim against Mrs. Christie "Yes, but she never plays fair"—just because she occasionally strains the laws of physical probability, as when she dropped that quern long ago in Mesopotamia. This time she has nothing to apologise for. No hocus pocus, but straightforward bamboozling from start to finish.

Readers of *Inquest* two years ago will remember Mr. Wilde's coroner, the Honourable Lee Slocum, and his vein of dry New England humour. If they liked it they will appreciate *Tinsley's Bones*, which is so thick with Connecticut jokes that there is hardly room for much of a plot. Tinsley, an author, buys a shack in the Slocum territory, in which to retire to work. One night the shack catches fire and Tinsley's bones and false teeth are recovered from the ashes. The inquest on these bones is very readable stuff but frivolous detection, the outcome being all too obvious.

The Widening Stain is a campus mystery by a new name. Whoever Bolingbroke Johnson may be, he undoubtedly is a campus expert, and strikes that loud chord of pedantry, competitiveness, verbosity and coeducation which distinguishes an American University as a seat of learning and a suitable repository for detection. The author is even erudite enough in abnormal psychology to think out a new motive for murder, on which I congratulate him. The narrative style, however, betrays the amateur by its uneven pretentiousness: learned, sentimental, humorous, spicy and malicious in turn, and at times plain dull. The plot is perfectly sound and the description of life among the Faculty amusing. A book to be read, with considerable skipping.

It is a pleasure to find Mr. Wills Crofts supplying the same plain, nourishing stodge, year in, year out. *Fear Comes to Chalfont* is an admirable specimen. The murder in the conventional Surrey setting of the unpleasant solicitor with an unhappy family and complicated business interests, and the scrupulous unravelling of every tangled thread by old Inspector French, are the sort of thing Mr. Crofts has done a dozen times, with complete satisfaction to all concerned. French solves all his cases *ambulando*, and in *Fear Comes to Chalfont* I must warn you he trudges even slower than usual, as Mr. Crofts sets a novice detective, called Rollo, lagging at his heels. "While French and Rollo were pursuing their interminable inquiries" is the exhilarating opening to one of his chapters. All the same there is a glutinous gratification to be derived from wallowing every inch of the way to the solution.

Mr. Punshon's Bobby Owen employs Inspector French's technique without his sublime self-confidence; and the chapters French uses for recapitulating Bobby spends in scratching his head. *The Conqueror Inn* is one of the best Punshons for several years, with an exciting plot, some intriguing characters and written with great spirit, but the solution is marred by a hopeless flaw. £2,000 in notes and a naked body are found by an English roadside, and nobody steps forward to claim either. There is a wartime atmosphere, black marketeers, enemy agents and what-not. The story is recommended even with the flaw. In fact, that should add to the reader's interest, because if you spot the criminal you haven't spotted the flaw, and vice versa: the two are mutually exclusive.

Six Green Bottles can pass as detection, although written like a crime novel, because Miss Hocking does her best to conceal the identity of the criminal until the last chapters, with some success. The subject is the poisoning of the host during a house-party on the Cornish Coast. The authoress is afraid of developing her characters too far for fear of giving the plot away, but they are plausible silhouettes. In its mild way *Six Green Bottles* is to be commended.

E. C. R. Lorac's work is conscientious but uninspired. *Death Came Softly* to Professor Crewdon while he was sleeping in a cave in Devonshire. Why a cave? You'll see; it *had* to be a cave. You will also see quite easily who was responsible and why. But you will never be able to see why on earth the criminal was landed in such a murderous fix. That is a constant trouble with conscientious writers. They are so preoccupied with getting their plots mechanically correct and giving their readers a fair chance that they do grave injustice to their murderers.

The last three items on the list are included not on merit but as peculiarities. *The Strip-Tease Murders* bases its appeal entirely on G-strings—the *sine qua nons* and *ne plus ultras* of the art of strip-teasing. The authoress, "famous American *stripteuse*," should know what the G stands for. I don't. *The Worsted Viper* exhibits Mrs. Bardley running riot over the Norfolk Broads in pursuit

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of black magic. That's all, but more than enough. *Mr. Fortune Finds a Pig* is also addicted to black magic, but throws in spies and quislings for good measure. In the hectic confusion Reggie forgets even to find his pig. RALPH PARTRIDGE

THE ECONOMIC FOUNDATIONS OF FASCISM

Business as a System of Power. By ROBERT A. BRADY. *Oxford University Press.* 15s.

Professor Brady's book may well come to be regarded as pioneering work of equal importance in its field to that of Berle and Means in the related area of corporate ownership. With painstaking thoroughness he has described the business associations, of which, with ourselves, the F.B.I. is the outstanding example, in Germany, Italy, Japan, France, Britain and the United States. He then compares and contrasts their political, social, and economic policies and, hardly less important, the rationalisations by which these are commended to the peoples involved. Broadly speaking, Professor Brady concludes that, in the epoch of growing monopoly-capitalism, whether in Fascist states or in those still contained within the liberal-capitalist scheme, business is building, or has built, a system of power-relations which, in effect, nullifies the authority of political democracy.

It is difficult to overestimate the importance of the evidence that is here collected. No doubt a good deal of it is presented in an unduly simplified form. No doubt, also, one would like to have a far more intensive comparison between programme and performance than Professor Brady is able to provide. One would like, too, a much more detailed evaluation of claims of influence over the Government such as the F.B.I. makes in this country than Professor Brady is in a position to give us. But the general implications of this evidence are not in doubt. They are a pungent and decisive commentary on the degree to which modern capitalism has made the institutions of political democracy a hollow façade behind which effective power is increasingly in the hands of business men. Hitler's "new order" is only the logical end—result of the sapping and mining of the democratic structure which business men have been practising since some such period as the American Civil War. Formally, we may all, in the democratic societies, pay lip-service to Jeffersonian ideals; actually, it is Hamilton's ruthless philosophy of power which dominates our lives. Universal suffrage, in a democratic system, may put a sugar-coating on the pill; but it cannot conceal the fact that the real incidence of authority has passed from the ordinary citizen to the business association, and that the latter will fight rather than permit the invasion of its claims. The sovereignty of the people has passed to organisations which are vast empires beyond the control of the citizens as voters. As Professor Lynd points out, in the remarkable preface he has contributed to the book, it demonstrates "the similarity in type and function of the organisation of business interests from nation to nation, despite seemingly widely dissimilar national backgrounds." The reader of these pages will have no difficulty in understanding why Mr. Churchill's long campaign against "appeasement" struck no echoing chord among business men. He will understand, too, why big business in France, after the defeat of 1940, found it so easy to come to terms with their Nazi conquerors.

"Corporate organisation," writes Professor Lynd in a striking sentence, "pocketed production; its giant offspring is pocketing the nation, including the entire lives of its citizens." And it is urgent for us to realise while there is still time—though there is not too much time—the diabolical skill with which the business interests, in the name of a doctrine of trusteeship which, by a curious fate, is the final outcome of the Christian doctrine of stewardship, are able to persuade millions that they are acting on behalf of the common people. When Lord Simon spoke of the general strike of 1926 as an attempt to "coerce" the nation, he persuaded millions of little people to act as the guardians of a quasi-feudalism in the coal industry; and there are few of us ready to understand that, behind the screen of "national unity" big business is conspiring, to take an obvious example, to defeat the Beveridge Report by what are in fact the same methods, more sophisticated in their application, as Tammany Hall from time to time captures New York. All of us can see the danger to democratic institutions of an organisation like Tammany Hall or of a machine like that of Mayor Hague in Jersey City. Very few of us are willing to recognise that the Duponts and the Fords are far more dangerous to democracy, and that their methods are no different in either purpose or result from those of the ward boss or the racketeer who will not allow the outsider to "muscle in" upon his territory.

More serious, alike with ourselves and the Americans, is the fact that few socialists are aware of what is happening, and that most of the remedies proposed by the economists are pointless anachronisms before the scare of the problem. The recent acceptance by the miners of a coal settlement in which, so to speak, they are given a room in the sub-basement on condition that they do not call into question the ownership or control of the building; the acquiescence, both by the Labour Party and the Trades Union Congress, of a system of wartime controls which makes the State virtually the agent of big business; the emphasis in economic doctrine on equilibrium theory or, in its more modern guise, of a competition which, even in its admired imperfection, still fails to realise that the *de facto* sovereign is big business; these show, with grim clarity, that the concepts with which we are seeking to analyse our position are something like a generation behind the facts. As things are, American liberals and British socialists are allowing the war to be conducted so that, with victory, what we call democracy can be safe for big business. Mr. Roosevelt has to wage the war on terms that it approves. The Labour Party in Britain is committed by its leaders to the acceptance of a "non-controversial" approach to victory which will largely nullify its purpose. We have between now and the achievement of victory in which to learn that a democratic society must extend its frontiers far beyond their present boundaries if even the overthrow of Hitlerism is to give it the chance of survival. The great value of Professor Brady's book is that at least it makes obvious the depth of our danger. We cannot complain that we have not been warned when a distinguished American sociologist, reflecting upon these massive materials Professor Brady has gathered, makes it the supreme issue whether big business will take over the power of the State. And it will only deepen the tragedy which is imminent if Mr. Attlee and Sir Walter Citrine are the half conscious accomplices in the fulfilment of that purpose against which we suppose ourselves to be fighting. HAROLD J. LASKI

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ordained with a strong sense of vocation, and now, in his middle thirties, he is disillusioned, sad and bewildered. With the rest of us he knows that all is wrong with the world, and he is convinced that all is wrong with the Church.

He not only feels that the Church is not pulling its weight, which is abundantly clear, but he seems to be convinced that it is not pulling any weight at all, which happily is not true. The crowds who flock to hear Dr. Temple wherever he speaks, and the repeated attacks on His Grace and his brother of York by Tories of the baser sort, are proof of that.

Unlike Mr. A. L. Rowse, Mr. McCulloch has retained a deep admiration for the qualities of his father's people, who, he regrets, have acquired many middle-class vices. For the middle class he has the same feeling as that of Matthew Arnold and Mr. Harry Pollitt, and to him the fundamental weakness of the National Church is that it has become the middle-class Church. Most of its clergy belong to the struggling middle class, keeping up appearances on meagre incomes; its bishops belong to the upper middle class with episcopal palaces to emphasise their detachment from the workaday world; the lay members of the Church Assembly belong to the leisured and stupider middle class. Mr. McCulloch says in this sensitive and generally very sensible book:

> The first step that the clergy must take is an obvious one. No matter what their rank, from archbishop to the humblest curate, they must on no account live not beyond their means but their needs. If we have received orders, then let them be regimented orders. Let there be without delay an economic regimentation of the lives of the clergy so that nobody can point to us and say, "There goes a vested interest—a member of the middle class."

There is a great deal in this contention. In the villages in particular the clergy are numbered with the gentry, and they never meet the majority of their parishioners as social equals. It would be of immense benefit for the parish, the Church and the village school, if the vicar's children went to school with the cottagers' children.

But its ministers' escape from the social caste will not bring the people back to church (I doubt whether in these days 10 per cent. of the wage-earners are even irregular attendants at a place of worship). Nor do I think that disestablishment, urged by both Mr. McCulloch and Dean Iremonger, would have the result that they anticipate.

When Mr. McCulloch went to Oxford he was a fervent Anglo-Catholic. There he discovered the, to me, deplorable fact that the Tractarian Revival has degenerated into sheer formalism. He says—and I entirely agree with him—"with rare exceptions Anglo-Catholics went little beyond the acquisition of altars, aumbries and tabernacles." Their main concern is with the mechanics of worship.

In his reaction Mr. McCulloch became a sort of mild Modernist, and the influence of Dr. Major and Ripon Hall is shown in his assertion that "there is no obligation in the Christian religion except to love one another." But that obligation is proclaimed as emphatically by the South Place Ethical Society as it could be in any Christian church. The business of the Church is certainly to proclaim that we are here on this earth to join hands and help one another, but it is also its mission to supply supernatural help to the common natural man so that he may live this good life, explaining all the spiritual and imaginative possibilities of the good life.

It is not enough for the Christian to agree that the Beveridge Report must be implemented, that economic security must be assured and that the evil power of money must be destroyed. It must demand these things because "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us."

That is to say—and this is constantly repeated by Dr. Temple—the Church cannot possibly play its part in the moulding of the new social order unless it makes its mystical character apparent. Men like Fr. Dolling and Fr. Lowder went from the altar to denounce the horrors of the slums. The one thing was the complement of the other.

It does not matter very much to what class the ministers of the Church belong so long as they have a comprehensive understanding of their mission, an unqualified devotion and adequate professional training, which, as Mr. McCulloch suggests, they generally sadly lack, unless they are Jesuit priests or ministers of the Established Church of Scotland.

SIDNEY DARK

MANNER AND MATTER

Robert Bridges. A Study of Traditionalism in Poetry By ALBERT GUÉRARD, JNR. *Oxford University Press.* 20*s.*

The principal value of this book is that it widens the reader's consciousness (what Bridges wilfully called "conscience") of the scope of imagery, and reaffirms the connection between aesthetics and moral persuasion. "If not immediately," says the author, "at least ultimately, the great writer is concerned with making his readers see something of significance that they have not already seen."

His book is a patient attempt to assist the reader in this exciting pursuit. His method is exegetical; but into that method he has put so much energy and intuition that it has been enlarged beyond the mere schoolman's task. By reason of this vitality, and by the conclusions which he reaches about the relation of matter to manner in the arts, he is a critic to be placed along with his fellow-American Van Wyck Brooks. Both believe in, and practise, the historical exploration of a poet's work, on a basis broad enough to include circumstantial as well as technical influences.

Only with this point of view, and with this method, is a critic likely to appreciate the reserves upon which the poet has drawn. The weakness of such an approach is that it makes the subject loom larger than life. A reader, having duly digested this long analysis of Bridges' lyrics, plays and in particular the swansong *The Testament of Beauty*, can only be moved by admiration and a grateful sense of increased sensitivity and enlightenment. But there may lurk at the back of his mind the suspicion that something remains to be said for the younger generation which has dismissed Bridges as an academic practitioner of small account. Quite frequently in the processes of the book the reader is uncomfortably aware of a certain extravagance of claim, particularly about the closet-dramas with which Bridges was occupied during his middle life. Half-aware, perhaps, of the weakness of his case in this matter of the plays, Mr. Guérard makes a general statement which brings the problem down to moral fundamentals, and thus involves the whole question of the relation of art to life, and its responsibility to it. With a slap for the recent school of younger critics who have insisted upon poetry having a political or utilitarian purpose, Mr. Guérard says that:

> On the basis of this theory that literature must 'progress,' reputable critics exalt the cheapest farce of a Planché above such monumental work as *The Cenci*. Had a really competent master of Elizabethan style appeared in the nineteenth century—had Beddoes, for instance, fulfilled his early promise—his plays would be regarded with suspicion by critics who would praise the same plays had they been written in the sixteenth century. This prevalence of what Matthew Arnold called the "historical estimate" seems to me the greatest weakness of modern criticism. The value of a poem or a play is absolute in so far as anything is absolute, and not relative to the conditions of its

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creation. If, compared by a single standard, the plays of Robert Bridges are superior to those, let us say, of Philip Massinger, they deserve the same minute attention which the latter have received.

This claim, however, brings us to those arbitrary divisions of judgment which depend upon no final principle, but upon the temperaments of the critics. Does the so-called "absolute value" of a poem mean anything more than that the poem successfully handles a theme which does not date? And is not Mr. Guérard, in attacking what he calls the historical method, but which I think should be called the unhistorical method, fouling a label which rightly should be applied to his own excellent process of criticism? Finally, is not the whole of his argument made ridiculous by restating it as a claim that any imitation may be as valuable as the original, even though it may be some centuries late? The effort to ride dead horses is never very convincing, no matter how skilful the jockey.

The critic, having so definitely stated his dubious point of view, tends to leave the otherwise admiring reader on the look-out for over-statements and contradictions. They occur so rarely as to be negligible; but there does seem to be a certain lack of consistency when at the end of the book Mr. Guérard implies an adverse criticism of the *Testament of Beauty*, after analysing its beauties and scope, by the following statement which, according to his own thesis, should be invalid. "To the reader of 1941, the *Testament of Beauty* seems to ignore only one central and eternal problem, the problem of government. It would be interesting to know what opinions Bridges would have to-day on this problem which as late as 1929 it still seemed possible to ignore." But I should think from Bridges' poem, especially after so detailed and able an exposition of it as Mr. Guérard has given, that we *do* know. His very English, spartan-anarchic temperament would still ignore the problem of central government, just as a child tries to ignore the spoonful of liquorice powder.

It was this temperament which gave a direction to Bridges' experiments in technique and determined his achievement in poetry. The social tradition of emotional control—an upper middle-class one perhaps—made him as a poet emphasise (as Mr. Guérard points out) "the sequence and development of feeling rather than feeling itself." This habit, a conservative and defensive one, established the whole tone-value of his work. It made him, with his cool colours, and his decorative rather than agonised gestures, a sort of Puvis de Chavannes of English poetry.

Within the limitations of his pastel and tempora he was both profound and various. Not even Thomas Gray carried so much scholarship so gracefully and lightly. The devout critic has traced the sources of that erudition, linking up Bridges with Milton and Spenser (oddly enough without mentioning Gabriel Hervey in the continuous discussion of Bridges' lifelong experiments in quantitive verse). He has shown the poet's indebtedness to Plato, Aristotle and Spinoza, and his affiliation with Santayana. He has related the resultant cosmos of ideas and perceptions to the poet's instrument of expression. It is in this last effort that he has been most successful, for his analysis of the texture of Bridges' imagery, and the articulation of his sometimes over-conscious rhythms, is uncommonly skilful.

RICHARD CHURCH

CHILD PSYCHOLOGY

The Psychology of Early Childhood. By C. W. VALENTINE. *Methuen.* 22*s.* 6*d.*

Of books on child psychology there are plenty, written from different angles, to satisfy a variety of demand. They range from rather slight, semi-popular outlines such as Drever and Drummond's *Psychology of the Pre-school Child* to comprehensive symposiums such as Carl Murchison's *Handbook of Child Psychology*. Various nations made their characteristic contributions: the Americans specialising in detailed observation of behaviour by means of elaborate apparatus; the Austrian and the German checking or seeking confirmation of the theories of analytical schools or of Gestalt; the French and the Swiss particularly interested in the development of intellect and logic. But the need for a comprehensive outline, especially from this country, was an urgent one, and it has been supplied by Prof. Valentine's new book.

This book is an outcome of twenty years' work, during which most of the accepted methods of study were employed by the investigators: direct observation in home environment, experiment, questionnaire, and study under nursery school conditions. The results obtained were compared with the findings of other workers in this field, both earlier and contemporary, and the conclusions tested against the theories of psycho-analysis and Gestalt. Some issues still remain controversial, but the author has rendered a valuable service to psychology (and to the fast increasing public interested in psychology) by taking trouble to verify some of the assumptions of the schools of Freud and Adler by means of observation of his own children.

He was on the look-out for the Oedipus situation, the jealousy against the father and the ardent attachment to the mother in his sons, and found no jealousy or hostility, but some clear evidence that his daughters, as well as his sons, preferred the mother up to the age of two and a half or three, when the sons began to transfer their affection to the father, while the daughters remained mother-attached until adolescence.

This observation was confirmed by an inquiry—unfortunately a much less reliable method—through a questionnaire which Prof. Valentine sent to about twenty of his friends.

These findings cannot, of course, be taken as a refutation of the basic doctrine of psycho-analysis, for a much more extensive research is needed to prove that Oedipus complex is not universal. But under Prof. Valentine's common-sense treatment, the problem of infantile sexuality wanes to less formidable proportions, especially when he gives examples of an upbringing in which normal sex curiosity is normally satisfied. Exaggerated curiosity about sex and the accompanying sense of guilt are seen to arise only when evasion and reproof meet the child's demand for information. The dire consequences of repression, meaning withholding of information and disapproval of curiosity, are fully recognised. Sexuality would thus be stimulated by repression; sex curiosity—by reticence.

Many more of Prof. Valentine's findings provide a welcome corrective to some popular and some academic views. It is interesting to find that he thinks shyness might be an innate impulse on a par with self-assertiveness and self-display. This, however, can only be proved by a comparative study of the infants of different races and nationalities, which would aim at ascertaining how early and how generally, for instance, the Russian, the Jewish or the Chinese display this characteristic compared to the Anglo-Saxon babies.

One of the few sections of the book which are less convincing is the author's treatment of the subject of play, especially of therapeutic play. He seems to be prejudiced against it. It is true that, as he says, the symbolic interpretation of the child's play to him is not always necessary for the success of the treatment; that an affectionate relationship with, or a "positive transference" to the therapist is of great help in treatment, and that periodic change from the unfavourable environment of home or school

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the friendly atmosphere of the clinic may be important factor in the problem child's provement. This, however, does not dispose the claim that play itself has therapeutic lue. Prof. Valentine could not have had much perience of neurotic children under these rticular conditions, otherwise he, no doubt, uld have observed the wonderful transition, metimes quite rapid under treatment, from the mature, tense, "bound" play of problem ildren to the delightfully varied, free, yet ntrolled play of the mentally healthy.

ELISAVETA FEN

e Biological Control of Insects. By HUGH NICOL *Pelican*. 9*d*.

Some of the best books of popular science published our time will be found in the Penguin and Pelican ries. "The biological control of insects" is not, on the ce of it, an inherently popular subject, but Mr. Nicol ntrives to make it absorbing and to provide at the me time a remarkably thorough introduction to the bject. This little book is formidably documented—would seem so, if it were not so readable. The urce list at the end of each chapter is balanced by a notation from Lewis Carroll at the beginning. Extraordinary facts bristle on every page; in 1928 some ty million ladybirds were introduced into California destroy mealybugs infesting the citrus trees. We e told a great deal about insects, both the pests and se that are useful, and readers who wish to learn re will be grateful for the list for further reading.

Week-end Competitions

No. 686

t by K. J. Raine.

The following poem by Rostand appeared in one those anonymous letters that reach England from me to time from Occupied France. In that context, is, I think, an interesting comment on the V-campaign from one point of view that must be deeply felt many people living in Europe to-day. The usual izes are offered for an English version of this poem, tely translated into the idiom of 1943:

Je ne veux pas que voir la victoire,
Ne me demandez pas "aprés";
Après, je veux bien la nuit noir,
Et le sommeil sous le cyprès.

Je n'ai plus de joie à poursuivre,
Et je n'ai plus rien à souffrir.
Vaincu, je ne pourrais pas vivre,
Et vainqueur, on pourra mourir.

RULES—

Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, April 5th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 683

Set by Saint-Loup

The *Times* prints daily under the heading "Old and True," a quotation from some old writer that is apposite to the present. The usual prizes are offered for quotations to appear under the heading "Old and Untrue."

Report by Saint-Loup

A number of competitors sent "God's in his heaven—all's right with the world," but this is a merely dramatic statement which never pretended to be true. Another quotation sent by several is a play upon words: "Providence has given to the French the empire of the land; to the English, that of the sea; to the Germans, that of—the air!" (Carlyle q[illegible]ting Richter). There were some descriptions of gargantuan meals, but these did not qualify, for it remains true that in the days of Surtees and Pepys meals were enormous. Praise of Germany inevitably was the most popular line. Sir Robert Witt and Joseph Holland each get a first prize of one guinea, and half-a-guinea each goes to Ignotus, G. J. Blundell, E. Westacott and Allan M. Laing. I append, beside the winners, some runners-up.

"Our dear little Germany" (*Queen Victoria*).—SIR ROBERT WITT.

"It's a wery remarkable circumstance, Sir," said Sam, "that poverty and oysters always seem to go together" (*Pickwick Papers*).—JOSEPH HOLLAND.

"All is race; there is no other truth" (*Disraeli*).—IGNOTUS.

"That noble, patient, deep, pious and solid Germany should at length be welded into a nation, and become Queen of the Continent instead of vapouring, vainglorious, gesticulating, quarrelsome, restless and over-sensitive France, seems to me the hopefulest public fact that has occurred in my time" (*Carlyle*). *Letter to the Times*.—G. J. BLUNDELL.

"Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him" (*Proverbs* XXII, 1).—E. WESTACOTT.

"Servantes be not so delygent as thei were wonto bee" (*Jane Stonor, circa* 1470).—ALLAN M. LAING.

"A sinful heart makes feeble hand" (*Marmion*).

"Evil perpetually tends to disappear" (*Spencer*).

"Edinburgh is a hot-bed of genius" (*Smollett*).

"There is such a thing as a man being too proud to fight. There is such a thing as a nation being so right that it does not need to convince others by force that it is right" (*Woodrow Wilson*).—J. B. U.

"Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento" (*Aeneid*).—R. EWBANK.

"If England ever has occasion to call on her children in Canada for a real sacrifice she may chance to repeat the experience of King Lear" (*Goldwin Smith*: "Canada and the Canadian Question, 1891).—A. R. WATSON.

"Gunpowder and military machinery have rendered the triumph of barbarians impossible. Steam has united nations in the closest bonds" (*Lecky*).—E. M.

"Reason is the life of the law; nay, the common law itself is nothing but reason" (*Coke*).—STANLEY J. SHARPLESS.

"By the benefit of this light of reason they have found out artillery, by which wars come to quicker ends than heretofore, and the great expense of blood is avoided: for the number of men slain now, since the invention of artillery, are much less than before when the sword was executioner" (*Donne*).—REGINALD REYNOLDS.

"No Duke in England is, for all rational purposes which a human being can or ought to aim at, lodged, fed, tended, taken care of, with such perfection . . . Which, Duke, I could ask, has cocoa, soup, meat, and food in general made ready, so fit for keeping him in health, in ability to do and to enjoy? Which Duke has a house so thoroughly clean, pure and airy; lives in an element so wholesome and perfectly adapted to the uses of soul and body as this same, which is provided here for the Devil's regiment of the line? No Duke that I have ever known" (*Carlyle* on Model Prisons).—E. W. FORDHAM.

"O Britain's Representatives (Renown'd
Like her, for Pow'r with gen'rous Goodness crown'd)
Permit the Transports of a *British* Muse
And pardon Raptures that yourselves infuse."
(*Nahum Tate* on the New Parliament).—CHRISSIE LOMAX.

"To the great German people, a race of thinkers and of critics, a foreign but familiar audience, profound in judgment, candid in reproof, generous in appreciation, This Work is dedicated by an English author" (*Lytton*, Dedication of Ernest Maltravers).—J. H. VERNALL.

"It (Germany) gave morals . . . to the whole of Europe, and yet accepts the domination of all Europe" (*Herder*).

"As safe as houses"—J. W. F. HURFORD.

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